

THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 1230.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1851.

PRICE
FOURPENCE
Stamped Edition, 5d.

For the convenience of Subscribers residing in remote places, the weekly numbers are reissued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines.—Subscriptions for the Stamped Edition for the Continent, for not less than Three Months, and in advance, are received by M. BAUDRY, 3, Quai Malaquais, Paris, or at the Publishing Office, 14, Wellington-street North, London. For France and other Countries not requiring the postage to be paid in London, 25fr. or 14s. the year. To other Countries, 25fr. in addition.

GREAT EXHIBITION, 1851.—Lectures by Professors of King's College, London.—By the permission of the Royal Commissioners arrangements have been made for delivering the following COURSES OF LECTURES ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE COLLECTIONS AT THE GREAT EXHIBITION:—
(1) On Mineral Substances and Mineral Manufactures—Eight Lectures by Professor Ansted.
(2) On Manufacturing Art and Machinery—Eight Lectures by Professor Cooper.

These Lectures will take place at the Building in Hyde Park, on Friday and Saturday Mornings, from 9 to 12. They will be free to students of the Department of Applied Sciences of King's College. Students of all other departments, and gentlemen who have at any time been students of the College, may obtain tickets upon payment of the 6d. for each Course.

Ladies and gentlemen unconnected with the College may join each Class upon payment of 12s. for each Course.

Tickets of admission to the Building must be obtained as usual. Tickets to the Lectures may be obtained at the Office of the Secretary of King's College, Strand. The number will be limited to 150 for each Course.

The Lectures will commence on Friday next, May 23.—Mr. Ansted's at 9 o'clock; and Mr. Cooper's at 10 o'clock.

King's College, London, May 20, 1851.

ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN.—Candidates for the FULLERIAN PROFESSORSHIP OF PHYSIOLOGY are requested to apply, in writing, to the Secretary, R.I., on or before SATURDAY, the 21st of June, 1851.

JOHN BARLOW, M.A., Sec. R.I.

ARCHITECTURAL PUBLICATION SOCIETY.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Subscribers will be held on FRIDAY EVENING, the 30th May,—to receive the Report of the Committee on the general affairs of the Society; the Amount of Receipts and expenditure; and for the Election of Officers for the ensuing year.

The Meeting will take place at No. 16, LOWER GROSVENOR-STREET; the Council of the Royal Institution of British Architects having kindly granted the use of their Rooms for this purpose. The Chair will be taken, at Eight o'clock precisely, by SIDNEY SMITH, Esq., A.R.A.

WYATT PAPWORTH, Hon. Secretary.

11a, Great Marlborough-street, May 11, 1851.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF ENGLAND.

THE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF ENGLAND is desirous of receiving Tenders from Innkeepers or others to contract for the supply of a Cold Dinner for 2,000 Persons in the Society's Pavilion in the Home Park, Windsor, on Wednesday, the 16th of July, 1851.

PRINTED FORMS OF TENDER may be obtained on application to the Secretary, at the Office of the Society, No. 12, Hanover-square, London, and may be returned to him, filled up, on or on Monday, the 9th of June, 1851; the Society, however, not insisting it to take the lowest Tender.

By Order of the Council, JAMES HUDSON, Secretary.

10th May, 1851.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Second EXHIBITION OF FLOWERS AND FRUIT, in the SOCIETY'S GARDEN, will be held on SATURDAY, June 7.

Admission will be granted to all who present the order of a Fellow, price 1s. each; on the day of the meeting, at Farnham Green, price 7s. 6d. each.

PRIVILEGE OF FELLOWS.—Each Fellow of the Society has the personal admission to the Exhibition without a ticket. He may also personally introduce a friend with an Admission Ticket at half-past Twelve, at Gate No. 1 in the Duke of Devonshire's Road; or, if unable to attend, his wife or sister may represent him, provided she herself furnished with an Admission Ticket to which his signature is attached. Similar privileges belong to Ladies who are Fellows of the Society.

Non-Fellow strangers may procure des billets d'admission pouront en obtenir des mandats on s'adressant aux Ambassadeurs on leur Consulats.

2, Belem-street, London.

TO ARTISTS.

THE ART-UNION OF GLASGOW,

at the General Meeting held on the 7th of May, unanimously resolved that

A PREMIUM OF £20

should be awarded for the best Historical, Scriptural, or Genre Picture, and

A PREMIUM OF £25

for the best Landscape, in the NEXT GLASGOW EXHIBITION.

Both Pictures must be certified to have been painted in 1848 or 1849, and not previously exhibited in Scotland.

In awarding the Premiums (in the case of Works of equal merit) preference will be given to those the property of Artists.

Art-Union of Glasgow, ROBERT ALEXANDER KIDSTON, Secy.

10, St. Agny's Arcade, Glasgow, May 19, 1851.

BRIDGEWATER GALLERY.—CARDS TO VIEW THE BRIDGEWATER GALLERY, at BRIDGEWATER HOUSE, CLEVELAND-SQUARE, can be obtained from Messrs. SMITH, 137, New Bond-street; Mr. MITCHELL, 38, Old Bond-street; Mr. SAMS, 1, St. James's-street; H. GRAVES & Co., 6, Col. St. Colman's & Co., 15, Pall Mall East; ACKERMAN & Co., 30, Strand; Mr. MOORE, 30, Throgmorton-street.

The gallery will OPEN on MONDAY, the 25th of May. Days of Admission, Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, from Ten till Five.—Catalogues may be had at Messrs. SMITH's, and at the Gallery.

EXHIBITION.—HER MAJESTY'S PICTURES OF THE INTERIOR OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE,

by JOSEPH NASH, Esq.,—Messrs. DICKINSON, having received Her Majesty's gracious permission to publish Four Plates from the artist's magnificent Drawings, purchased by Her Majesty, and which will be put on Stone by Mr. J. N. P. Dickinson, at the Crystal Palace.

GENERAL DRAWINGS are ON VIEW at their establishment. The first of the inauguration, of the size of 30 in. by 21, brilliantly printed in Colours, in a new preparation.—Dickinson & Co., Publishers to the Queen, 114, New Bond-street.

MESSERS. DICKINSON are preparing for Publication a new Work, to be completed in Three Parts, by R. CLIVE, Esq., being selections from his Sketches made during his recent Tours in the East, and will include DRAWINGS of the EXCAVATIONS at NINEVEH; also subjects taken in A.R.A. BAGHDAD, the NESTORIAN COUNTRY, &c., many of which have never before been published.
114, New Bond-street.

INAUGURATION OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF ALL NATIONS.

Messrs. LLOYD, BROTHERS & CO. have the gratification to announce, that H. C. SELOUS, Esq. is actively engaged in painting for them a Picture of the above interesting Ceremony, on a scale and in a style commensurate with the importance of the subject, he having had, by the kindness of the Executive Committee, every facility afforded him for making his Sketches on that occasion.

The moment chosen by Mr. Selous is when His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury is offering up prayer to the Almighty for His blessing on the undertaking.

The Picture, which will be on the important scale of about 8 feet by 6, will contain upwards of fifty Portraits (the large majority from sittings purposely for the Picture); amongst which will be those of Her Majesty the Queen, His Royal Highness Prince Albert, and all the Members of the Royal Family present; also the illustrious Personages of the British and Foreign Courts engaged in the ceremony; and of those truly great and energetic men, to whose active and unceasing exertions the nation is indebted for bringing to maturity this wonder of modern times.

The size of the Engraving will be about 3 ft. 6 in. by 2 ft. 9 in., and will be engraved in the finest style of line and colour.

Artist's proofs..... £12 13 0

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Proofs after letters..... 8 8 0

Prints..... 4 4 0

The Proofs will be strictly limited in number; and to secure fine copies, it is requisite to write early to the Publishers, as application for large number of Proofs and Prints has already been received.

The Sketch for the Picture has been submitted for inspection to Her Majesty and His Royal Highness Prince Albert, and to several of the Members of the Royal Commission and Executive Committee.

London: Lloyd, Brothers & Co. 22, Ludgate-hill.

TO SCHOOLS.—DANCING.—A YOUNG LADY,

Sister and late Assistant to one of the first Lady Teachers in the profession of Dancing, wishes to obtain a RESIDENT ENGAGEMENT in a School, to give instruction in Dancing, Deportment, and the Calisthenic Exercises. She would prefer London or its vicinity.—Address to B. B., Mr. BUSHNAN'S, Bookseller, 229, Oxford-street.

ROYAL ASYLUM.—Under the immediate

Patronage of His Royal Highness PRINCE ALBERT.—ON MONDAY EVENING, June 2, 1851, will be performed at ST. MARTIN'S HALL, Messrs. Seymour's Oratorio EDWARD, in aid of the Royal Asylum of St. Ann's Society, for the children of those once in prosperity of all nations. Conductor, Mr. JOHN HULL, Tickets, 5s. Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d. and kept throughout the evening, 10s. 6d.; Family Tickets (to admit three tickets), One Guinea.

Family Tickets may be obtained at the Royal Asylum; the Town School; St. Martin's Hall; and of E. F. LEEKS, Secretary.

Office, 2, Charlotte-row, Mansion House.

DEVONSHIRE HOUSE.

THE SECOND REPRESENTATION, by the

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Applications for Vouchers for the Tickets, price 2s. each, to be made to Mr. MITCHELL, 38, Old Bond-street, who will refer the same to the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

There will take place, on the same Evening, A BALL, in the Great Salon of Devonshire House, commencing at Three o'clock precisely.—The Course of Lectures will contain Notices of Swift, Pope and Gay, Addison, Steele and Congreve; Fielding and Hogarth, Smollett, Sterne and Goldsmith.

Tickets for the Course of Six Lectures, 2s. 6d. (for which the seats will be numbered and reserved); Single Tickets (Unreserved), 7s. 6d.; Family Tickets (ditto) 2s. 6d. to admit four; which may be secured at Mr. MITCHELL'S Royal Library, 38, Old Bond-street; Mr. SAMS's Royal Library, 1, St. James's-street; Messrs. CHAPMAN & HALL, Piccadilly; and Messrs. SMITH & ELDER, Cornhill.

IN ORDER TO PREVENT MISTAKES,

frequently arising from similarity of names, and to comply with nearly every arrangement, Mr. A. C. JULES LECHÉVALIER, of Martinique, established in Paris from 1826 to 1849, now living in London, and one of the Partners in the commercial firm of Lechevalier, Woodin, Jullien & Co., of 75, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, begs to intimate that in the literary intercourse of life, he will henceforth adopt in full his late father's name LECHÉVALIER ST. AUDRE, continuing to use the name of Lechevalier only for the business of the above-named firm.

MATHEMATICS AND NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—WANTED immediately, a GENTLEMAN to take this Department in CHORLTON HIGH SCHOOL, Manchester. He must also possess a moderate knowledge of Latin. Salary 150l. per annum, with increase dependent on the number of Pupils. Applications, with testimonials, to be addressed to JOHN KENDALL, Esq., B.A., Chorlton High School, Manchester.

A GENTLEMAN, who is well acquainted with Geology, Botany, Conchology, and other Branches of Natural Science, and has also some knowledge of Chemistry, wishes to obtain AN ENGAGEMENT as SECRETARY or CURATOR to a PHILOSOPHICAL INSTITUTION or SCIENTIFIC BODY. He is also conversant with Accounts, and with the French and German Languages, and has a taste for Drawing. The most respectable references can be given as to Character and Acquirements. Apply to C.H.B., at Mr. HANDLEY'S, Bookseller, Devon.

AS TRAVELLING MEDICAL ATTENDANT.—A MEDICAL MAN wishes for an ENGAGEMENT with a Family about to Travel, or as Travelling Companion to a Young Gentleman. He speaks French, German, and Italian, and has travelled over nearly every part of Europe. He is intimately acquainted with Botany and Natural History, and having paid considerable attention to the remains of Classical and Medieval architecture, would be found an acquisition to parties studying those subjects. Address VIANON, 30, Leicester-square.

THE WATER CURE.—Dr. WILSON, of MALVERN, at the request of a large circle of patients, will continue to VISIT LONDON the FIRST TUESDAY IN EVERY MONTH, and may be consulted June 3rd at Hathaway's Hotel, Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, from 10 till 4, his Colleague, Dr. STUMPFER, superintending the Establishment during his absence.

MOOR PARK HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT, FARNHAM, SURREY, by Dr. SMETHURST, Author of "The Principles and Practice of Hydropathy," and late Editor of "The Watercure Journal," is now open at guinea per week. One hour and a quarter by Rail from London.

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Just published, the TREATMENT OF INCURABLE DISEASES. By HOWARD JOHNSON, M.D., large 8vo. cloth, price 4s. Also, by the same Author, RESEARCHES INTO THE EFFECTS OF COLD WATER upon the HEALTHY BODY to illustrate its action in Disease. Large 8vo. cloth, price 4s. 6d.—LONGMAN & Co. London.

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The terms of the Mühlbad Institution vary, according to the room occupied, from 24s. to 42s. a week, inclusive of the fee to the Physician.—For further information apply to Dr. HUSTON, the Proprietor and Superintending Physician to the Establishment.

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THE SCIENTIFIC LECTURES include Music, by Frederick Chatterton, Esq., &c. &c.—Open every Morning and Evening.—Admission, 1s.; Schools, Half-price.

TO AUTHORS.—THE BRITISH JOURNAL will be published January 1st, 1852. The Proprietors will be happy to receive terms for CONTRIBUTIONS from Established Writers willing to contribute Articles on Literature and the Sciences.—Address the Editor, at Messrs. AYLOTT & JONES, Paternoster-row.

THE WESTMINSTER AND FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.—ADVERTISEMENTS and BILLS for the ensuing Number are requested to be sent to the Publishers, GROOMBRIDGE & SONS, 5, Paternoster-row.

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MR. J. C. STEVENS is directed by the Executors to SELL, by AUCTION, at his Great Room, 38, King-street, Covent-garden, on TUESDAY, 27th of May, and following day, at 12 for 1 o'clock, a VALUABLE COLLECTION of EXOTIC SHELLS, made by the late MICHAEL BLAND, Esq., many of which formerly adorned the Tankerville Cabinet;—amongst other great rarities may be named Conus, Gloria-maris, C. omnisus, and other very choice Conus; several of the rarest Volutes, Harpa, Cuvier, &c. &c.—Two well-made Mahogany Cabinets, of 30 drawers each—small Cabinet of British Shells—two Coin Cabinets—and the well selected LIBRARY BOOKS on Natural History, consisting of Martini and Chemnitz's Conchological Cabinet; Sowerby, Cuvier, Turton, Lister, and Lamarck's Conchology; Shaw's Zoology, Latham's Birds, Donovan and Black's Fishes, Parkinson's Organic Remains, Zoological Journal, and the Transactions of the Geological and Linnean Societies, &c.; many of them handsomely bound.
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From my earliest infancy, I had the utmost longing to see the world. Whenever I met a travelling carriage, I could not help standing still, to follow it with my eyes until it was out of sight:—the very postilion I envied; for he, too, methought, had been through the whole of the long journey. When I was a girl of ten or twelve, I read nothing so eagerly as Voyages and Travels:—it was not the postilion that I now envied; but every discoverer and circumnavigator. The tears would often steal into my eyes, when, after climbing a hill, I saw others rise before me, and I could not pass over them to see what lay beyond. Many journeys I made with my parents, and, after marriage, with my husband, also,—and only took to staying at home when my two boys were grown old enough to require being kept at a particular school. My husband's affairs demanded his presence partly in Vienna, partly in Lemberg:—so that he committed the education and guidance of the boys altogether to me,—knowing my firm character and my perseverance in every undertaking. * * When the education of my sons was finished, and I lived in silent retirement, the dreams and fancies of my youth, by degrees, came crowding back upon me. I thought of foreign manners and customs, of distant regions,—of other skies and soils. I dreamed of the ineffable delight of treading those spots which Our Saviour hallowed by his presence;—and at length resolved that I would go and visit them myself. I reckoned up all the difficulties and dangers; I tried to rid myself of the idea:—but in vain. For privations I cared little; my body was healthy and seasoned to fatigue,—death I had no fear of; and as I was older than the present century, I could trust myself alone. Thus every risk was put aside:—and my plan deliberately matured. Forth I went, in real ecstasy, on the journey to Palestine:—and, lo! I returned safe and sound. From henceforth, methought I am neither presuming too much on God's goodness, nor liable to the charge of idle vanity, if I obey my natural impulse, and extend my survey of the world still further. So I chose Iceland,—expecting to find Nature there in an aspect such as no other part of the universe can show.

This ingenuous confession reveals the essential features of a strong propensity in a character of no common hardihood. In this excellent matron's case the love of travel is evidently a kind of instinct,—something akin to that which impels the bird of passage from the Atlas to farthest Thule. The impulse is doubtless quickened by intelligence and curiosity,—but stands in no need of their excitement. Nothing less than an inborn vocation for wandering could thus surmount the doubts and fears, the incompatibilities and inconveniences which arise to deter a solitary female from such wayfaring, at an age when most persons of either sex are prone to subside into rest, and seek their pleasures more easily than in perils by land and by water.

In obedience to this effectual calling, Madame Pfeiffer proves an excellent traveller,—patient, cheerful and notable:—little troubled with the knowledge learned in books, but gifted by Nature with a bold heart, a quick eye and a clear head,—one of those unsophisticated minds that are apt, above most others, to receive and describe faithfully the outward features of new scenes. This merit, with a certain personal interest in her adventures due to the peculiar risks of her enterprise, is all that can be expected from a traveller of Madame Pfeiffer's class:—and more is not wanted to make a voyage to the wildest corner of the world highly entertaining. Besides the greater wonders that she travels to see, she notices by the way various minor things which are seldom accurately described, if mentioned at all, by male travellers,—peers with due feminine minuteness into details of living by sea and by land, and dwells as a Viennese matron should, on the materials and cookery of foreign fare,—while enduring the rudest lodging and the worst diet with a robustness of body and a resignation of temper that no man could surpass. She is a stout rider,—fearless of wet and patient of fatigue,—full of presence of mind and contrivance,—consults a pocket thermometer,—carries a book to press herbs and flowers in, and has a coffee-pot with its spirit-lamp in her carpet-bag:—altogether, is a hearty, dextrous and much-enduring lady,—one who "with bread and iron would find her way to China,"—the female type of a mould hitherto deemed exclusively masculine, and not always found among the pioneers and discoverers of the bearded sex. How this strenuous nature became subdued to the "accidents" of womanhood might have been a problem for Pythagoras.

She embarked for Iceland at Copenhagen,—having reached Denmark by way of Prague, Dresden and Hamburg—in a vessel which also carried the owner, a merchant whose traffic with Reikiavik required establishments there and in other parts of the island. This worthy man, Herr Knudson, was of great help and comfort to our heroine,—whose letters of recommendation to the Iceland officials and notables produced little of either. Indeed, according to her report, Northern hospitality in this class is colder than the climate:—to those at least who, like herself, are not rich enough to make considerable returns. Nor is it much warmer in the lower ranks,—who all expect payment for services, of whatever kind, as positively as the veriest Swiss:—the difference in favour of this class being, that to those she could proffer some acceptable returns, for assistance and shelter—sometimes civilly, oftener sullenly granted. The better instances were nearly all among the clergy; none of whom, however, she says, made any scruple of pocketing the money consideration offered for such strange quarters as the traveller in Iceland must put up with:—of which more anon. Such is the lady's account of the first and second sorts of people. She admits that they may perhaps receive more cordially learned or official strangers, who are the most frequent of foreign visitors,—because these purchase specimens or travel expensively:—but the guest who has no purse for either—although a woman—seems to fare but poorly in Iceland.

Of the poorest sort of people her impression was not more favourable. She found them sullen, extortionate and inhospitable;—given utterly to drink; lazy, unpunctual, and filthy to a degree which the instances she describes prove to be extreme. The existence of leprosy as an endemic of the island need hardly be cited as confirming evidence. In decorum

or sense of any kind of human decency she declares they are much "beneath the wildest Arabs and Bedouins" whom she had known in Syria. Nor can she comprehend how such a population can once have been, as histories describe them, of the "race of the gods"—noble minded, poetic and civilized above all other Norse people. The testimonies which leave no doubt of their illustrious past may have little weight with Madame Pfeiffer, as she is no antiquary; at all events, she unconcernedly describes the present state of things as she found it,—which truly seems bad enough. Yet as a relief to the shadows of the picture, two bright points of some consequence are candidly admitted. The merest bores can all read and write, many of the poorest doing both very well; scarcely any tent, however mean or nasty, but has its little store of books, and the Bible always one of them. You may leave property anywhere without the slightest fear of its being pilfered or even inquisitively handled in your absence. Although the common people's curiosity is so keen that one misery of an Iceland resting-place is the crowd that press in to stare at the foreigner, and can hardly be driven away,—yet they will not even touch his most tempting chattels when his back is turned. The wayfarer who comes up to a hovel, if he finds on knocking at the door that the inhabitants are from home, will not go in; he either waits outside till they return, or wends his way further. In these habits there is evidently material for improvement: the need of which we cannot doubt, after reading the revolting details of Madame Pfeiffer's experience,—which she sets down with a plainness of speech that we cannot imitate, for fear of sickening the reader.

The appearance of the island, as she describes it, is seamed with bare and jagged mountains, frowning upon most desolate valleys overflowed with seas of mere lava. Where this stony flood has not wholly covered the soil, there are treeless patches of meadow, pasturing various kinds of cattle, the chief wealth of the inhabitants. In all low grounds, where drainage is impracticable, or has been, as our tourist thinks, too sluggishly neglected, the soil turns to utter swamp and morass; so that of the spaces which volcanic ruin has spared a part only is scantily productive. The towns, so called, consist of one or two buildings of stone or wood, with a small church, surrounded by a few hovels of the common people. Elsewhere the peasants live scattered upon the patches of available land in the same kind of miserable huts. This is one in the principal town, Reikiavik.

Small and low, built of blocks of lava heaped together, with earth pressed into the interstices, and the whole covered with sods,—they might be taken for natural hillocks, did not the protruding chimneys of wood, the low doors, and some windows just large enough to be visible, suggest ideas of habitation. A passage about four feet in height, narrow and dark, leads on one side to the dwelling room, on the other to some places which serve partly for storing provisions, partly as the winter stable for cows and sheep. At the end of this passage, which is built thus low in order the better to keep out the cold, the fireplace is usually found. The apartments of the poorer class have neither walls nor floors boarded; and are just roomy enough for the inmates to lie down or at most to turn themselves round in. The whole furniture consists of bedsteads, with very little bedding, of a small table and some chests. The beds and boxes serve for benches or seats. Above the bedsteads run poles, on which clothes, shoes, stockings and the like are hung. You also usually see some little shelf fastened up there, with a few books upon it. They require no stoves. Their own exhalations are plentiful, the space is confined and the inmates crowded enough. Round the fireplace, also, poles

are fixed, on which clothes are hung up to dry, and fish to be smoked. The smoke diffuses itself nearly as far as the sleeping-room, and but languidly creeps out of the vents into the open air. There is no firewood in the island; the wealthy import it from Norway or Denmark; the poor burn turf, to which they often add fish refuse or other kinds of greasy offal, the smoke of which, of course, is intolerably fetid. On entering such a cabin (*Kohe*) one cannot say which is the more horrible, the suffocating smoke in the passage or the atmosphere of the dwelling-room within, polluted with the exhalations and filth of so many persons.—I am inclined to maintain that the dreadful eruption called leprosy, so prevalent in Iceland, is caused by the unparalleled nastiness of the people rather than by their climate or diet.

Madame Pfeiffer's experience of the island hovels was more dearly purchased. The account of a single night in one of these will give some idea of the pains which qualify the pleasures of an Iceland tour. After some weary hours' riding through a stony desert, the lady and her guide arrive at an inhabited spot.—

It was now midnight. We stopped, and turned out the horses to graze and rest themselves in the nearest meadow. Our lot was less favourable. The inhabitants had long been fast asleep, and not even the barking of the dogs, which greeted our arrival, could rouse them. A cup of coffee would indeed have been very refreshing, but I would not have any one disturbed on that account. A morsel of bread would even serve to appease my hunger, and a draught of water from the nearest spring tasted admirably with it. After this simple meal, I sought myself out a lair, by the side of a hut, which gave some little shelter from the too bitter importunity of the wind; wrapped my cloak around me, stretched myself on the ground, and heartily wished myself a good sleep and pleasant dreams for once in my life in the open air and in broad daylight.† I was just beginning to doze when I was assailed by a fall of soft rain; which, of course, banished every trace of sleep. It now became quite necessary to wake somebody who would put me under cover of a roof. The best chamber, the general store-room, was opened for me, and a little wooden trunk was placed at my disposal. Chambers of this kind are luckily common wherever two or three huts stand together; but they are far from inviting; as the dried fish, train-oil, tallow, and Heaven knows what other matters, produce a frightful atmosphere; yet these I greatly prefer to the peasant's own rooms, which, by-the-by, are the most loathsome places that can be imagined. Over all such conceivable stench there reigns a degree of filth, and, as its consequence, an excess of vermin, which can only be worse, if anywhere, among the Green- or Laplanders.

So that a night passed on the box in the store-room, amidst flavours of train-oil and rancid fish, is not the worst hardship of Iceland. At other times—and this is far the best kind of hostel going—she sleeps in the *parish church*; and, after a few qualms, pardonable to female superstition, finds the vicinity of the graveyard no great disturber of dreams after a tiresome journey. The desecration one soon learns to forget, as the parishioners themselves use no ceremony on this head.—

In this country the churches serve not only for divine service, but also as magazines for provisions, furniture, and articles of dress, and as the travellers' bed-room. I doubt whether such a desecration of sacred edifices occurs anywhere else amongst the most barbarous tribes. They told me that the abuse was on the point of being abolished. It should have been long since, and even now it seems likely to remain at the *point of being*; for wherever I came, the church was at my disposal for the night, and in every one I found fish, tallow, and Heaven knows what other fetid things in store.

Occasionally, where no church was near, matters were indeed worse. One night, on the way to Hecla,—

Alas! a loathsome hole was the sleeping-place

† The Iceland summer, it will be recollected, has no night, properly so called.

allotted me. They gave me a chest, something shorter than my body, this was to serve as my bed; near it there hung a fish some three feet long and half rotten; the stench of which had already made the air of the room pestilential. I could scarcely breathe; and as there was no other vent, I was forced to leave the door open, and thereby expose myself to the numerous visits of the amiable inhabitants. In truth, this was a pretty refreshment and tonic for the following morning's journey.

These same chests play an important part in the economy of Iceland interiors. They not only serve for chairs, tables, and beds, for stores of grease and stock-fish,—but are also the receptacles of some public libraries. In Skalholt, once a principal town and bishop's see, but now a poor collection of hovels, the wooden church still preserves, with other relics of its better times, a deposit of books.—

We descended into what is called the "lumber-room," a space boarded off from the lower part of the church as far as the altar. In this compartment they have the bells and the organ—when the church happens to possess one—the provision store, and a heap of utensils of various kinds. An enormous chest, among other things, was shown me. When opened, it appeared to be filled with great lumps of tallow, moulded into the shape of cheeses; but these being taken out, we came to the library,—which was a very interesting discovery. Among the many ancient books in Icelandic, I found three stout folios, which I could easily read; they were in German, and contained Luther's Doctrines, Letters, &c.

We are not aware of any precedent for this way of potting theology, like your Arctic pemmican, in tallow.

But let us take a glimpse of one of the many Iceland wonders in which Madame Pfeiffer found an ample reward for the hardships of voyage and journey. Hecla we need not visit with her;—that mountain at the time of her visit gave no sign of activity, not even the form of a crater being visible; a circumstance which she notes with surprise on many other occasions. With lava-plains on every hand, she looked in vain to the mountains which must once have thrown them out in fluid fire for a vestige of crater. Nothing of the kind could she see. All their heads, Hecla's included, were capped with more or less rounded cones; and the common aspect of volcanoes, such as she had lately viewed in South Europe, was altogether masked here, in the land of all others most terribly marked by their devastation. The boiling springs, however, and above all the great Geiser, are still alive to attest the rage of inner fire which glows in the bowels of the island. We shall accompany Madame Pfeiffer on her excursion to the last-named prodigy; which bursts forth at the foot of some high land, about thirty-five miles north of Skalholt. At some distance, its site is discovered by "enormous pillars of steam" and countless minor "clouds and cloudlets" of vapour boiling up from the crater, and from the many sulphurous springs that gush up around it.

I did not know when, or how near, if at all, the basin might be approached. At this moment there came up a peasant, who had followed us from one of the adjacent hovels, having probably divined my eagerness and doubts; he took me by the hand, and acted as my cicerone.

The man, it is true, was drunk; but the Reikiavik guide assured Madame Pfeiffer that she might trust herself with him, as he was always so.—

He led me up to the very edge of the basin of the Geiser. It lies on a gentle mound not more than 10 feet in height, including the basin and its inner crater. The diameter of the former may be some 30 (German) feet,—of the crater from 6 to 7 feet. Both were full to the very edge; the water pure as crystal, and but slightly boiling and hissing. We soon left this spot; for when the basin and crater are quite filled with water, it grows very dangerous to

remain too near, as the Geiser may then discharge itself at any moment.

The grand eruptions, however, cannot be regularly foretold, but occur at uncertain intervals. After the usual warning signs have been exhibited, there often follow but imperfect emissions. This lower state of activity may be continued for several recurring periods: so that the curious who are determined to see the Geiser in all its splendour must watch night and day until the critical moment arrives. A tent has been kindly left for their shelter during this time of expectation by M. Grimaud, a French traveller.—The Geiser now refusing to break out, Madame Pfeiffer betook herself to this habitation,—where the peasant left her alone, after giving the usual rules for her safety in viewing the explosion, should it take place during the night.—

I sat now outside, now within the tent; and listened with intense expectation for what might happen;—at last, after midnight, the hour of spasm,—I was aware of some dull sounds, like the distant echo of a cannon fired a long way off. I rushed from the tent, and waited, in reliance on the descriptions I had read, for the subterranean roaring, loud reports and violent earthquakes which were to be heralds of the true explosion. I could hardly avoid a certain creeping sense of fear. To feel one's self alone at midnight in a scene like this, was, indeed, no trifle.

These were false alarms, however:—in a few minutes all ceased, the water only overflowed the basin a little, and then subsided again. The same symptoms were repeated, with the same disappointment, at intervals of 2½ to 3½ hours. After a little practice our heroines learned to sleep during the pauses, but so lightly as to start awake whenever the slightest rumbling gave hopes of a discharge.—

At length, after long waiting and watching, on the second day of my residence at the Geiser, on the 29th of June, about half-past 8 A.M., I had the good fortune to see an explosion of the Geiser in its fullest magnificence. The peasant, who used regularly to come morning and evening, to inquire if I had yet seen the burst, happened to be with me at the moment when those dull sounds which announce it again became audible. We hastened out; and once more I gave up the hope of seeing anything: for the water merely overflowed, as usual, and the rumbling already began to subside. But just when the last sounds had barely ceased, the explosion began in an instant. I really can find no words to describe it. A sight so imposing, so amazingly beautiful, is only to be experienced once in a lifetime. All my expectations and conceptions were far exceeded. The waterspouts shot upwards with indescribable force, vehemence and abundance; each succeeding pillar rising higher than the last, as if vying with each other. * * * Without exaggeration I think I may assert that the strongest stream rose certainly above 100 feet in height, and was from 3 to 4 feet in diameter. Fortunately I had looked at my watch at the moment when the first rumours announcing the outbreak were heard:—during the explosion itself I was not composed enough to have thought of doing so. The whole lasted about four minutes, of which the longer part must be counted for the main eruption. When this amazing spectacle was over, the peasant led me to the basin. We could now safely approach not only this, but the crater also; and go round to examine both at pleasure. There was nothing more to apprehend. The water had totally disappeared from the basin; we went down into it, and quite close to the crater, in which the water had sunk away to a depth of 7 to 8 feet from the surface, still violently gurgling and swelling.

In half an hour or so the basin once more began to fill, and the other periodical phenomena appeared as usual. Madame Pfeiffer was lucky enough to see another fine discharge a few hours afterwards; but it was not so grand as the first,—the spout rising forty or fifty feet upwards at most. Another, late in the evening of the same day, favoured her with a new display—a dis-

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charge of stones, "which looked like black spots amidst the white-foaming pillars of water"; and her fortune was completed on the third night, when—

The water swelled up in terrible throes, rapidly following each other, but without ebbing streams upwards. The basin overflowed copiously, and discharged such a volume of steam as I had never before seen. * * It caused, however, no perceptible smell or distress of breathing, a faint sense of warmth was all that I felt.

Here we must take leave of this singular and entertaining narrative of a strange region. Its external features, as they may present themselves to a simple yet observant eye, have perhaps never been so well depicted. It must be added, also, that the inexpensive way in which Madame Pfeiffer travels necessarily brings her into contact with many realities of living character and climate which escape the notice of those who travel in larger companies and with longer purses or official aids:—so that the deficiencies of her report in matter of historic or scientific interest are not ill compensated by the vivacity of pictures drawn from the very life, in taking which nothing extraneous interfered with the effect of visible objects and personal experiences. These are the very things which readers at large most desire to hear from those who return fresh from marvellous lands; and we have rarely seen them portrayed with a more credible air of sincerity and plain life-likeness than in the journal of this adventurous matron of Vienna.

Not so Bad as we Seem; or, Many Sides to a Character. A Comedy in Five Acts, by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart. Chapman & Hall.

In considering the merits of this play, it is right that we should take into consideration the circumstances under which it was written. Our readers know that it was designed and executed for the specific purpose and persons to which and to whom it has been devoted. The aim of the dramatist has been evidently to fit his literary impersonators with parts suitable to their personal qualifications and peculiar talents—and he has therefore been driven into a wide distribution of parts rather than a concentration of plan. The end at which he aimed he appears to have eminently attained:—each amateur engaged in the project had a histrionic portrait to realize, nicely adjusted to his powers. The theme, too, is of a literary kind, with a moral in favour of the literary character. All this would justify an abstinence from the ordinances of criticism, if that were needed:—but the comedy has positive merits, such as will enable it to maintain an independent position as a work of art. The plot, or "plan" of the play—for the comedy is one of conversation rather than of story—turns on the comparative probity of a poor Grub-street author, who refuses to sell a scandalous chronicle for publication to buy bread for his children,—and by this honourable forbearance under circumstances of sore temptation secures the patronage of the wealthy and the titled. This simple germ receives appropriate development; and is surrounded with circumstances and characters to exhibit it in its growth and expansion, and further to illustrate it by comparison and contrast.

Many occasional suggestions are thrown out in the progress of the work which savour of political wisdom. Such is the remark made by Mr. Hardman, M.P. on the prosecution of obnoxious pamphleteers. A wise minister (like Walpole, in the time of whose administration the action is laid) "would rather pay for" a libellous pamphlet.

"Is his maxim," continues the interlocutor, "that one scurrilous pamphlet saves a country from fifty con-

spiracies. You look surprised, gentlemen: why, I remember, three months ago, when our friend Mr. Easy here was teased with the nettles-rash, that his doctor said,—Don't complain, Mr. Easy, a strong constitution throws out an eruption; a weak one would have smouldered away in a fever." Disaffection when printed is only a nettles-rash, and the life of nations is saved when disease is thrown out on the surface."

This may be fairly taken as a specimen of the good things to be found in the dialogue. In such it abounds more than in what might be properly called wit. The characters are for the most part full lengths, and skilfully drawn. That of Hardman just mentioned is one of the most important. A man without ancestry, who wins by his energy of mind and constitution—helped by a little mysterious agency of which he is unconscious—a station in the Government,—the graver portions of the dialogue and heavier business of the action are intrusted to him. Lord Wilmot, who conceals the true nobleman under the fop and man of fashion, is characteristically hit off, and is emphatically the "ideal" gentleman of the scene. Correspondingly opposed to him is Mr. Shadowy Soft-head, who represents as it were the "empirical" gentleman, according to some kind of civic notion attempting to copy an original not understood by the would-be imitator. Of a still more dramatic sort is the portrait of the suspicious Sir Geoffrey Thorside:—his foible proceeding not from a bad but from a wounded heart,—apparently deserted by a supposed faithless wife,—a subject, in fact, of the calumnious manuscript which poor David Fallen, the pamphleteer, disdains to part with, and which manuscript amid its calumnies contains the secret of his wife's innocence. This character blends the comic and pathetic in a manner unquestionably stage-effective. Next to this in dramatic rank is perhaps the Duke of Middlesex:—whose pride, part and parcel of his birth, serves to hide the man of honourable impulse. Nor is Mr. Goode-enough Easy, though last and least in the bea-roll of principal characters, without dramatic motive and outline. To these are added some minor sketches,—all well enough indicated:—and the moral wrought out in each of these is that formally predicated in the double title of the piece. A work containing so many characters, all in their degree drawn with considerable ability, deserves distinction in a literary point of view,—however in a theatrical one it may be thought wanting. Decidedly, the production has more of Ben Jonson in it than of Beaumont and Fletcher: and this may serve to indicate to the judicious reader its position in the scale of dramatic effort.

As a specimen of the style of composition, we cite the following passage, containing a description of the manner in which Lord Wilmot had contrived to bribe Sir Robert Walpole, by attacking him on a bright side of his character—his love of Art. The reader will perceive that the passage is carefully set—regularly framed and glazed, in fact—so as to form a special point in the scene.—

Wilmot (chanting).—

"Gather you rosebuds while you may,
For time is still a-flying."

Since my visit last night to Deadman's Lane, and my hope to give Lucy such happiness, I feel as if I trod upon air. Ah, Softhead! why, you stand there, as languid and lifeless, as if you were capable of—fishing!

Softhead.—I've been thinking—

Wilmot.—Thinking! you do look fatigued! What a horrid exertion it must have been to you!

Softhead.—Ah! Fred, Fred, don't be so hardened. What atrocity did you perpetrate last night?

Wilmot.—Last night? Oh, at Deadman's Lane: monstrous, indeed. And this morning, too, another! Never had so many atrocities on my hands as within the last twenty-four hours. But they are all nothing to that which I perpetrated yesterday, just before dinner. Hark! I bribed the Prime Minister!

Servant.—Saints in Heaven!

Wilmot.—Ha! Ha! Ha! Hit him plump on the jolly blunt side of his character! I must tell you about it. Drove home from Will's: put my Murillo in the carriage, and off to Sir Robert's—shown into his office,—“Ah! my Lord Wilmot,” says he, with that merry roll of his eye; “this is an honour,

what can I do for you?”—"Sir Robert," says I, "we men of the world soon come to the point; 'tis a maxim of yours that all have their price."—"Not quite that," says Sir Robert, "but let us suppose that it is." Another roll of his eye, as much as to say, "I shall get this rogue a bargain!"—"So, Sir Robert," quoth I, with a bow, "I've come to buy the Prime Minister."—"Buy me," cried Sir Robert, and he laughed till I thought he'd have choked; "my price is rather high, I'm afraid." Then I go to the door, bid my lackies bring in the Murillo. "Look at that, if you please; about the mark is it not?" Sir Robert runs to the picture, his breast heaves, his eyes sparkle: "A Murillo!" cries he, "name your price!"—"I have named it." Then he looks at me so, and I look at him so!—turn out the lackies, place pen, ink, and paper before him; "That place in the Treasury just vacant, and the Murillo is yours."—"For yourself?—I am charmed," cried Sir Robert. "No, 'tis for a friend of your own, who's in want of it."—"Oh, that alters the case; I've so many friends troubled with the same sort of want."—"Yes, but the Murillo is genuine,—pray what are the friends?" Out laughed Sir Robert. "There's no resisting you and the Murillo together! There's the appointment, and now, since your Lordship has bought me, I must insist upon buying your Lordship. Fair play is a jewel." Then I take my grand holiday air; "Sir Robert," said I, "you've bought me long ago; I've given you in peace where we feared civil war; and a Constitutional King instead of a despot. And if that's not enough to buy the vote of an Englishman, believe me, Sir Robert, he's not worth the buying." Then he stretched out his bluff hearty hand, and I gave it a bluff hearty shake. He got the Murillo—Hardman the place. And here stand I, the only man in all England, who can boast that he bought the Prime Minister! Faith, you may well call me hardened: I don't feel the least bit of remorse.

Softhead.—Hardman! you got Hardman the place?

Wilmot.—I did not say Hardman—

Softhead.—You did say Hardman. But as 'tis a secret that might get you into trouble, I'll keep it. Yet, *Dimidium meæ*, that's not behaving much like a monster!

Wilmot.—Why, it does seem betraying the Good Old Cause;—but if there's honour among thieves, there is among monsters; and Hardman is in the same scrape as ourselves—in love;—this place may secure him the hand of the Lady. But mind—he's not to know I've been meddling with his affairs. Hang it; no one likes that. Not a word then—

Softhead.—Not a word. My dear Fred, I'm so glad you're not so bad as you seem. I'd half a mind to desert you;—but I have not the heart; and I'll stick by you as long as I live!

The turn which the conversation takes at the end of this extract will suggest to our readers the manner in which the moral of the play is illustrated throughout. In similar unconscious moments, all the *dramatis personæ* betray in turn the secret of their having a better nature concealed under the obvious and artificial characters assumed by them in society.

Introduction to the History of the Peace.
From 1800 to 1815. By Harriet Martineau.
Knight.

We can scarcely pronounce the present volume to be of equal value with those to which it forms an introduction:—nor will it be turned to with the same interest, because its tale has already been thrice told. As an "Introduction," however, it is a literary curiosity:—occupying upwards of four hundred crown octavo pages, and containing as much matter as two of Mr. Alison's volumes. The story as here taken up does not open well for historical purposes, because the century began in the very middle of the revolutionary drama. We doubt, in fine, whether an "Introduction" were needed to the 'History of the Peace':—which in our opinion was complete in itself.

Looking at this large volume as a separate work,—it is obvious that Thiers, Alison, Napier, and Gurwood have given the reading public so much matter on the period of which it treats that a new historian has to compete with many and able rivals. In truth, this voluminous production reads flatly after the energetic narrative of Alison and the stirring style of Napier. Miss Martineau is no proficient in describing battles:—and it may in one sense perhaps be deemed a gain that Trafalgar and Waterloo never looked less grand than in her pages. Her account of the Peninsular War is, however, well drawn up from the numerous works on the subject:—and the opening paragraph on the Duke is admirable for its truth of sentiment.—

"On the 22nd of April, 1809, Sir Arthur Wellesley landed at Lisbon, with men and means for enter-

ing on a campaign. He was welcomed at Lisbon, as if the inhabitants had foreseen what would be the result of this landing; as if they had known that he would not want his ships again till he should be at Calais, returning home after the pacification of Europe. He, perhaps, of all the multitude assembled that day in the streets of Lisbon—of all the crowd of men of many nations—best knew what must be first endured. As he alone, probably, was capable of it, he was best aware of the long preparation necessary before there could be much achievement; of the long struggle necessary to obtain even a footing from which to proceed; of the tremendous tension of patience—the prodigious resource of fortitude—that would be required of him, even before the skill and courage looked for in generalship could come into play before men's eyes. The task to be achieved was to liberate Europe from the peril of a military servitude, and to restore her to her place in the register of the ages, in regard to civilization, by means of a firm stand made in her Peninsular extremity. This noble task could have been no easy one, if all aids and facilities had been at command; but Wellesley knew it to be far otherwise. He must have known that the government at home was weak, narrow-minded, and selfish, driven hard by an able Opposition, averse to the war; and perplexed by the growing distress and disaffection of the people. He knew that Portugal and Spain were ravaged and wasted by the cruel system of warfare carried on by the enemy; and that his own troops, however brave, were inexperienced; while the Spanish forces were wholly unfit to meet in open field the armies of France, and their commanders were fearfully prone to jealousy of foreigners, and to caprice and self-will in their notions of the way in which the war should be conducted. If Wellesley was, at this time, aware of all these obstacles in the way of the work he had accepted, we can hardly estimate the courage which animated him to accept it. If he was not aware of his difficulties from the outset, we can hardly estimate the fortitude and patience with which he received and dealt with them as they arose, during whole years of unprosperous struggle—the necessary, but hard condition of ultimate victory."

That is very happily said:—and so excellent an epitome of the Peninsular struggle is Miss Martineau's sixth chapter, that it might deserve separate reprint in a cheap form, like Lord Mahon's narrative of "The '45."

In judging of men and measures our authoress carries the ethical spirit somewhat to excess, and her tone is too often that of "preachment." Though no hero-worshipper, however, she awards a large meed of praise to many of the great statesmen whose measures she condemns. Thus, no rational admirer of Mr. Pitt can complain of the manner in which he is treated by Miss Martineau. Indeed, the whole volume chimes in with the current English feeling regarding the age described.

But the style is deficient in originality and in freshness. The long chapters read as so many epitomes:—and there is no dramatic contrast or picturesque description. The moralizing of the work is carried to monotony. The enthusiastic Irish rebel Emmett is gravely lectured for having fallen in love with Miss Curran at a time when he was engaged to a conspiracy.—There is an error here in Miss Martineau's narrative. She makes no mention of the fact that Sarah Curran was after Emmett's death married to Colonel Sturgeon,—a distinguished military engineer, whose services are highly spoken of by Napier,—and who fell in the Peninsular War.

The best parts of the work are those in which social details are treated of. From the first chapter we take the following extract, describing England in 1800.—

"As for the people, we are able to form a pretty accurate notion of their numbers and condition, though, strange to say, there had as yet been no Census. The first Census was taken in 1801. As the first, it was not so well managed as it might have been; but it so far affords guidance as that we may venture to say that the population of England, Wales

and Scotland, including the soldiers and sailors serving abroad, was about eleven millions. The proportion of this population employed in agriculture, in comparison with that employed in manufacture and commerce, was much greater than it is now. Since 1795 there had been a series of deficient harvests; and that of 1800 was so bad, that the price of wheat rose to 115s. 11d. per quarter. To the middle classes employed in manufacture and commerce this was a cruel aggravation of their hardships, while taxation was becoming inordinately oppressive. The misery was felt also by the poorest class, as was shown by the swelling of the poor-rate to the then enormous sum of nearly four millions per annum, for the poor of England and Wales; a sum truly enormous, in the eye of all times, for the relief of pauperism in a population of nine millions, which was about that of England and Wales. But the landowners were in a highly flourishing condition. With wheat at 115s. 11d. per quarter, they had no great reason to care for the deficiency in the harvest, in this last season of the century, and they lived in a style which abundantly asserted their prosperity. While the tradesman or manufacturer came in from his daily business depressed and anxious, unable to extend his market, on account of the war or its consequences, pressed for poor-rate, threatened with an increased property tax, worried by the Excise in his business, warned of bad debts in his trade, and with bakers' and butchers' bills growing more formidable from week to week, the farmer was cheerful, and his landlord growing grand. While the townsman was paying 1s. 10d. for the quarter loaf, and 2s. per lb. for butter, and the children were told they must eat their bread dry; and there was a dinner of shell-fish or other substitute for meat once or twice a week, and housewives were trying to make bread with potatoes, to save flour—the farmers kept open house, set up gigs, sent their children to expensive schools, and upheld Mr. Pitt and the war, their king and country. The landlords obtained Enclosure bills in great and increasing numbers; and some of the more enlightened, looking beyond the present privilege of high prices which so swelled their rents, began to attend to suggestions for improving the soil. It was in 1800 that we meet with mention of the first trial of bone manure. The farmers laughed, and declared they would let well alone, and not spend their money and trouble on new devices which they did not need: but the philosophers were at work—such a man as Davy for one—and the best order of landowners were willing to learn; and thus provision was made for future agricultural improvement, and some preparation for that scientific practice of agriculture which was sure to be rendered necessary, sooner or later, by the increasing proportion of the more enlightened manufacturing to the less enlightened agricultural population of the country. It appears that at the opening of the century, 10,000 acres of raw, newly-enclosed arable and pasture land would support 4,327 persons; while, thirty-five years later, the same quantity of similar land would maintain 5,555; and the fifteen years that have elapsed since the later date have witnessed a far more rapid advance of improvement. It is a fact worth remembering that the first decided step in this direction, the first recorded application of bone dust as an introduction to the use of artificial manures, was made in the first year of our century, while the prices of agricultural produce were such as were then called 'unheard of.'

The next extract is very interesting, as showing the difference that fifty years make in manners, and how powerfully they are influenced by what Madame de Staël called "*Ce grand mot de circonstance*."

"There was less expenditure for amusement in those days. Travelling was seldom thought of by middle-class people, except for purposes of business. Middle-class families in the provincial towns and in the country lived on for five or ten years together without a thought of stirring. The number of that class out of London who had ever seen London was very small. Few who lived in the inland counties had ever seen the sea. Mountains and Lakes were read and talked of almost as Rome and the Mediterranean. Little money was spent in travelling. Scarcely any was spent on books, music, or pictures. Children and young people had cheaper schooling

and less of it, and fewer masters than now. The business of living was done at home, more than now; especially the needlework, to the serious injury of female health. The routine of living, in orderly families, was so established that it did not vary 20, in amount for a series of years. To householders of this order, it was a bitter and exasperating thing to see millions upon millions voted for carrying on the war; and hundreds of thousands lavished in rewards to military and naval officers; the tone of Government, and of too large a proportion of parliament being as if money was inexhaustible. From these middle-classes, taxed in property and income, taxed in bread and salt, taxed in the house over their heads and in the shoes on their feet; compelled to take their children from school, and to lower the destination of their sons,—proceeded those deputations, and petitions, and demands and outcries, in the closing days of the century, that the King would 'dismiss his weak and wicked ministers.' Such sufferers did not mince matters in those days, nor choose their terms with over civility: and certainly, the records of the time give a strong and painful impression that the Government regarded the people with little other view than as a taxable and soldier-yielding mass, troublesome at best, but a nuisance when it in any way moved or spoke. To statesmen, the State, as a unit, was all in all; and it is really difficult to find any evidence that the people were thought of at all, except in the relation of obedience."

There are some literary errors in this 'Introduction,' which should be corrected. Thus, in more than one place 'Fouché's Memoirs' are relied on as authority in foreign politics—an utterly spurious work, and proved before a French Court of Justice to have been a mercenary literary imposture. Mr. Alison some years since received heavy censure for making the same mistake as Miss Martineau. She was probably led into it by following one of the first editions of Mr. Alison's work.

Miss Martineau has always been in popular opinion (when her mesmeric escapades were out of sight) associated with the Utilitarians. Her summing up of Bentham's character has the merit of impartiality, though it will not please those of his worshippers who class him with Socrates and Plato.—

"During this period, Bentham was propounding his benevolent plans for the reformation of prisoners, his rational projects for Law-reform, and his finely-felt, but shallow and narrow system of Mental and Social Philosophy. His proposed Law reforms were for him the veneration of foreign nations: a veneration which we still feel to be due, though a very little experience of life and affairs is enough to show that Codification is impracticable; and above all for peoples of old standing, whose past circumstances make their present condition. We now know that Constitutions must grow up, and cannot be successfully imposed. In his paper Constitutions, the benevolent recluse failed; but no man was more acute in exposing legislative faults, and proposing the true principles on which remedy should proceed; and to him we owe, primarily, a large proportion of the legislative and social reforms of the half-century. His Utilitarian Philosophy will not stand by itself, though it has been a valuable check on the selfishness of power, and an inestimable assertion of the rights of the depressed. The philosopher may truly object 'you can never make a hero of a man by showing him that it is neither useful or agreeable'; but while we smile at Bentham as a Mental Philosopher, we are all living and acting under the influence of his aspiration for 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number.' During this period, he was hard at work for that 'greatest happiness,' without any personal aims, in a life of the simplest habits, and in the peace of an unruffled benignity."

In conclusion, we may say, that with great respect for Miss Martineau's ability and research—and with full allowance for very much that is admirable in this volume and in those which continue its narrative,—we cannot exactly point to the writer as furnishing an exception to the case of no woman having been a first-rate historian.

None of the fair sex have ever taken that rank in history which De Staël in philosophy, Somerville in physics, and Dacier in scholarship have reached. Of all literary women, Madame de Staël had the greatest talents for a historian,—but the drudgery of thankless research would soon have wearied her. The truth is, that history is acted by men,—and the historian has to narrate mainly transactions in a manly spirit; and from the nature of the case a subjective knowledge of politics can rarely be acquired by women. Few of them, it must be admitted, have come nearer to the true point of subjective view than Miss Martineau,—and there are passages of writing in all these volumes which shine with the inner meanings of the themes in hand. As a work of encyclopedic utility and a handbook of current English history we can fully recommend this excellent production of Miss Martineau's industry. Its merits as compilation are something far beyond the doings of the Belshams and the Bissetts who compiled for our fathers.

The House of the Seven Gables: a Romance.
By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Chapman.

THE invention of 'The Scarlet Letter' involved so much crime and remorse, that—though never was tragedy on a similar theme more clear of morbid incitements,—we felt that in a journal like ours the tale could be characterized only, not illustrated by extracts. So powerful, however, was the effect of that novel—even on those who, like ourselves, were prepared to receive good things from Mr. Hawthorne's hands—as to justify no ordinary solicitude concerning his next effort in fiction. This is before us—in 'The House of the Seven Gables': a story widely differing from its predecessor,—exceeding it, perhaps, in artistic ingenuity—if less powerful, less painful also—rich in humours and characters—and from first to last individual. It is thus made evident that Mr. Hawthorne possesses the fertility as well as the ambition of Genius: and in right of these two tales few will dispute his claim to rank amongst the most original and complete novelists that have appeared in modern times.

Fantastic as the title of Mr. Hawthorne's new tale is, it is not misapplied. 'The House of the Seven Gables' is as perpetually present to the reader as was the Mother Church of Paris in M. Hugo's romance. This mansion was built long ago "in a by-street of one of our New England towns," as a family illustration and tenement; and the builder, a wealthy and prosperous man, one of the magnates of a new settlement, dug his foundations on land wrung (some said by chicanery licensed by law, though not by equity) from a poor mechanic having an evil reputation, who was burnt as a wizard. The race of neither the oppressor nor the oppressed became extinct. The Pyncheons and the Maules both transmitted strong and strange characteristics to their descendants,—those, family pride and insolence—these, a character for commanding sinister and malignant influences. The last is touched by Mr. Hawthorne with a master hand. We know nothing better than the manner in which he presses superstition into his service as a romancer: leaving the reader to guess and explain such marvels as at first seen down the dim vista of Time, are reproduced more faintly in the world of the real Present. But we are detaining the reader from making acquaintance with 'The House of the Seven Gables':—as seen when the glory of the Pyncheon race had passed away.—

"The street in which it upreared its venerable peaks has long ceased to be a fashionable quarter of the town; so that, though the old edifice was surrounded by habitations of modern date, they were mostly small, built entirely of wood, and typical of

the most plodding uniformity of common life. Doubtless, however, the whole story of human existence may be latent in each of them, but with no pictu-resqueness, externally, that can attract the imagination or sympathy to seek it there. But as for the old structure of our story, its white-oak frame, and its boards, shingles, and crumbling plaster, and even the huge, clustered chimney in the midst, seemed to constitute only the least and meanest part of its reality. So much of mankind's varied experience had passed there,—so much had been suffered, and something, too, enjoyed,—that the very timbers were oozy, as with the moisture of a heart. It was itself like a great human heart, with a life of its own, and full of rich and sombre reminiscences. The deep projection of the second story gave the house such a meditative look, that you could not pass it without the idea that it had secrets to keep, and an eventful history to moralize upon. In front, just on the edge of the unpaved side-walk, grew the Pyncheon-elm, which, in reference to such trees as one usually meets with, might well be termed gigantic. It had been planted by a great-grandson of the first Pyncheon, and, though now fourscore years of age, or perhaps nearer a hundred, was still in its strong and broad maturity, throwing its shadow from side to side of the street, overtopping the seven gables, and sweeping the whole black roof with its pendent foliage. It gave beauty to the old edifice, and seemed to make it a part of nature. The street having been widened about forty years ago, the front gable was now precisely on a line with it. On either side extended a ruinous wooden fence, of open lattice-work, through which could be seen a grassy yard, and, especially in the angles of the building, an enormous fertility of burdocks, with leaves, it is hardly an exaggeration to say, two or three feet long. Behind the house there appeared to be a garden, which undoubtedly had once been extensive, but was now infringed upon by other enclosures, or shut in by habitations and out-buildings that stood on another street. It would be an omission—trifling, indeed, but unpardonable—were we to forget the green moss that had long since gathered over the projections of the windows and on the slopes of the roof; nor must we fail to direct the reader's eye to a crop, not of weeds, but flower-shrubs, which were growing aloft in the air, not a great way from the chimney, in a nook between two of the gables. They were called Alice's Posies. The tradition was, that a certain Alice Pyncheon had flung up the seeds in sport, and that the dust of the street and the decay of the roof gradually formed a kind of soil for them, out of which they grew, when Alice had long been in her grave. However the flowers might have come there, it was both sad and sweet to observe how nature adopted to herself this desolate, decaying, gusty, rusty old house of the Pyncheon family; and how the ever-returning summer did her best to gladden it with tender beauty, and grew melancholy in the effort. There is one other feature, very essential to be noticed, but which we greatly fear, may damage any picturesque and romantic impression which we have been willing to throw over our sketch of this respectable edifice. In the front gable, under the impending brow of the second story, and contiguous to the street, was a shop-door, divided horizontally in the midst, and with a window for its upper segment, such as is often seen in dwellings of a somewhat ancient date. This same shop-door had been a subject of no slight mortification to the present occupant of the august Pyncheon-house, as well as to some of her predecessors. The matter is disagreeably delicate to handle; but, since the reader must needs be let into the secret, he will please to understand, that about a century ago the head of the Pyncheons found himself involved in serious financial difficulties. The fellow (gentleman, as he styled himself), can hardly have been other than a spurious interloper; for, instead of seeking office from the king or the royal governor, or urging his hereditary claim to eastern lands, he bethought himself of no better avenue to wealth than by cutting a shop-door through the side of his ancestral residence. It was the custom of the time, indeed, for merchants to store their goods and transact business in their own dwellings. But there was something pitifully small in this old Pyncheon's mode of setting about his commercial operations; it was whispered that with his own hands, all be-ruffled as they were, he used to give change for a shilling,

and would turn a halfpenny twice over to make sure that it was a good one. Beyond all question, he had the blood of a petty huckster in his veins, through whatever channel it may have found its way there. Immediately on his death, the shop-door had been locked, bolted, and barred, and, down to the period of our story, had probably never once been opened. The old counter, shelves, and other fixtures of the little shop remained just as he had left them. It used to be affirmed, that the dead shopkeeper, in a white wig, a faded velvet coat, an apron at his waist, and his ruffles carefully turned back from his wrists, might be seen through the chinks of the shutters, any night of the year, ransacking his till, or poring over the dingy pages of his day-book. From the look of unutterable woe upon his face, it appeared to be his doom to spend eternity in a vain effort to make his accounts balance. And now—in a very humble way, as will be seen—we proceed to open our narrative."

The narrative is opened by the re-opening of the aforesaid little shop by Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon; one of the last two descendants of the main branch of her family—a dreary and loveless spinster,—in whose dreariness and solitude, nevertheless, Mr. Hawthorne contrives to interest us. Presently she is joined by a bright-faced, bright-hearted, little kinswoman from the country, who has been ousted because of a second marriage at home. She has a lodger, too, who takes daguerreotypes;—in the choice of his occupation, even, Mr. Hawthorne's artistic constancy to the idea of his story being indicated in a detail which by the generality of artificers would have been neglected. Then, we are early shown a rich, proud, and prosperous relation—no less worshipful a person than a Judge, who is obviously to poor "Old-Maid Pyncheon" more terrible than basilisk; and this not merely because he wishes to trade with her poverty, and to get possession of "the House of the Seven Gables."—Hepzibah has darker reasons for her terror of the Judge. There comes home in the cloud of the night one who had been exiled from the family house for many years—her brother Clifford. An accusation of murder had somehow coiled about him; and somehow their kinsman, the Judge, had assisted Clifford to evade the last penalty, fixing, at the same time, the stigma of suspicion upon his victim. Now, Clifford is released from prison by this same Judge's interference,—not, Hepzibah knows full well, because Clifford has, for years, been distempered of brain,—but to serve some ulterior purpose of their prudent and powerful relative.—Such are the characters, and such is the machinery set in motion. The one is maintained with a firmness and a tenderness, the other plays with a nice adjustment and unerring proportion, which belong only to art of the highest order. It is difficult to select a scene which shall not spoil the reader's pleasure; but we must give one by way of specimen of Mr. Hawthorne's peculiar excellence. At a certain juncture in the narrative, "the House of the Seven Gables" is found one fine morning mysteriously deserted by Clifford and Hepzibah,—Phoebe having gone home for a visit.—

"It was but little after sunrise, when Uncle Venner made his appearance, as aforesaid, impelling a wheelbarrow along the street. He was going his matutinal rounds to collect cabbage-leaves, turnip-tops, potato-skins, and the miscellaneous refuse of the dinner-pot, which the thrifty housewives of the neighbourhood were accustomed to put aside, as fit only to feed a pig. Uncle Venner's pig was fed entirely, and kept in prime order, on these eleemosynary contributions; inasmuch that the patched philosopher used to promise that, before retiring to his farm, he would make a feast of the portly grunter, and invite all his neighbours to partake of the joints and spare-ribs which they had helped to fatten. Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon's housekeeping had so

greatly improved since Clifford became a member of the family, that her share of the banquet would have been no lean one; and Uncle Venner, accordingly, was a good deal disappointed not to find the large earthen-pan full of fragmentary eatables, that ordinarily awaited his coming at the back door-step of the seven gables. 'I never knew Miss Hepzibah so forgetful before,' said the patriarch to himself. 'She must have had a dinner yesterday,—no question of that! She always has one, now-a-days. So where's the pot-liquor and potato-skins, I ask? Shall I knock, and see if she's stirring yet? No, no, 't'wont do! If little Phœbe was about the house, I should not mind knocking; but Miss Hepzibah, likely as not, would scowl down at me out of the window, and look cross, even if she felt pleasantly. So I'll come back at noon.'—With these reflections, the old man was shutting the gate of the little back yard. Creaking on its hinges, however, like every other gate and door about the premises, the sound reached the ears of the occupant of the northern gable, one of the windows of which had a side view towards the gate. 'Good morning, Uncle Venner!' said the daguerreotypist, leaning out of the window. 'Do you hear nobody stirring?'—'Not a soul,' said the man of patches. 'But that's no wonder. 'Tis barely half-an-hour past sunrise, yet. But I'm really glad to see you, Mr. Holgrave! There's a strange, lonesome look about this side of the house; so that my heart misgave me, somehow or other, and I felt as if there was nobody alive in it. The front of the house looks a good deal cheerier; and Alice's Posies are blooming there beautifully; and if I were a young man, Mr. Holgrave, my sweetheart should have one of those flowers in her bosom, though I risked my neck climbing for it!—Well! and did the wind keep you awake last night?'—'It did, indeed!' answered the artist smiling. 'If I were a believer in ghosts,—and I don't quite know whether I am or not,—I should have concluded that all the old Pyncheons were running riot in the lower rooms, especially in Miss Hepzibah's part of the house. But it is very quiet now.'—'Yes, Miss Hepzibah will be apt to over-sleep herself, after being disturbed all night with the racket,' said Uncle Venner. 'But it would be odd now, wouldn't it, if the Judge had taken both his cousins into the country along with him? I saw him go into the shop yesterday.'—'At what hour?' inquired Holgrave. 'O, along in the forenoon,' said the old man. 'Well, well! I must go my rounds, and so must my wheelbarrow. But I'll be back here at dinner-time. For my pig likes a dinner as well as a breakfast. No meal time, and no sort of victuals, ever seems to come amiss to my pig. Good morning to you! And, Mr. Holgrave, if I were a young man like you, I'd get one of Alice's Posies, and keep it in water till Phœbe comes back.'—'I have heard,' said the daguerreotypist, as he drew in his head, 'that the water of Maule's well suits those flowers best.'—Here the conversation ceased, and Uncle Venner went on his way. For half-an-hour longer, nothing disturbed the repose of the seven gables; nor was there any visitor, except a carrier-boy, who, as he passed the front door-step, threw down one of his newspapers; for Hepzibah, of late, had regularly taken it in. After a while, there came a fat woman, making prodigious speed, and stumbling as she ran up the steps of the shop-door. Her face glowed with fire-heat, and, it being a pretty warm morning, she bubbled and hissed, as it were, as if all a-fry with chimney-warmth, and summer-warmth, and the warmth of her own corpulent velocity. She tried the shop-door;—it was fast. She tried it again, with so angry a jar that the bell tinkled angrily back at her. 'The deuce take Old Maid Pyncheon!' muttered the irascible housewife. 'Think of her pretending to set up a cent-shop, and then lying a-bed till noon! These are what she calls gentlefolks airs, I suppose. But I'll either start her ladyship, or break the door down!' She shook it accordingly, and the bell, having a spiteful little temper of its own, rang obstreperously, making its remonstrances heard,—not, indeed, by the ears for which they were intended,—but by a good lady on the opposite side of the street. She opened her window, and addressed the impatient applicant. 'You'll find nobody there, Mrs. Gubbins.'—'But I must and will find somebody here!' cried Mrs. Gubbins, inflicting another outrage

on the bell. 'I want a half-pound of pork to fry some first-rate flounders for Mr. Gubbins's breakfast; and, lady or not, Old Maid Pyncheon shall get up and serve me with it!'—'But do hear reason, Mrs. Gubbins!' responded the lady opposite. 'She and her brother, too, have both gone to their cousin, Judge Pyncheon's, at his country-seat. There's not a soul in the house, but that young daguerreotypeman, that sleeps in the north gable. I saw old Hepzibah and Clifford go away yesterday; and a queer couple of ducks they were, paddling through the mud-puddles. They're gone, I'll assure you.'—'And how do you know they're gone to the judge's?' asked Mrs. Gubbins. 'He's a rich man; and there's been a quarrel between him and Hepzibah this many a day, because he won't give her a living. That's the main reason of her setting up a cent-shop.'—'I know that well enough,' said the neighbour. 'But they're gone,—that's one thing certain. And who but a blood-relation that couldn't help himself, I ask you, would take in that awful-tempered old maid, and that dreadful Clifford? That's it, you may be sure.'—Mrs. Gubbins took her departure, still brimming over with hot wrath against the absent Hepzibah. For another half-hour, or, perhaps, considerably more, there was almost as much quiet on the outside of the house as within. The elm, however, made a pleasant, cheerful, sunny sign, responsive to the breeze that was elsewhere imperceptible; a swarm of insects buzzed merrily under its drooping shadow, and became specks of light, whenever they darted into the sunshine; a locust sang once or twice in some inscrutable seclusion of the tree; and a solitary little bird, with plumage of pale gold, came and hovered about Alice's Posies.

'In the course of the morning, there were various other attempts to open a communication with the supposed inhabitants of this silent and impenetrable mansion. The man of root-beer came, in his neatly-painted wagon, with a couple of dozen full bottles, to be exchanged for empty ones; the baker, with a lot of crackers which Hepzibah had ordered for her retail custom; the butcher, with a nice tit-bit which he fancied she would be eager to secure for Clifford. * * The butcher was so much in earnest with his sweetbread of lamb, or whatever the dainty might be, that he tried every accessible door of the seven gables, and at length came round again to the shop, where he ordinarily found admittance. 'It's a nice article, and I know the old lady would jump at it,' said he to himself. 'She can't be gone away! In fifteen years that I have driven my cart through Pyncheon-street, I've never known her to be away from home; though often enough, to be sure, a man might knock all day without bringing her to the door. But that was when she'd only herself to provide for.' Peeping through the same crevice of the curtain where, only a little while before, the urchin of elephantine appetite had peeped, the butcher beheld the inner door, not closed, as the child had seen it, but ajar, and almost wide open. However it might have happened, it was the fact. Through the passage-way there was a dark vista into the lighter but still obscure interior of the parlour. It appeared to the butcher that he could pretty clearly discern what seemed to be the stalwart legs, clad in black pantaloons, of a man sitting in a large oaken chair, the back of which concealed all the remainder of his figure. This contemptuous tranquillity on the part of an occupant of the house, in response to the butcher's indefatigable efforts to attract notice, so piqued the man of flesh that he determined to withdraw. 'So,' thought he, 'there sits Old Maid Pyncheon's bloody brother, while I've been giving myself all this trouble! Why, if a hog hadn't more manners, I'd stick him! I call it demeaning a man's business to trade with such people; and from this time forth, if they want a sausage or an ounce of liver, they shall run after the cart for it!' He tossed the tit-bit angrily into his cart, and drove off in a pet. Not a great while afterwards, there was a sound of music turning the corner, and approaching down the street, with several intervals of silence, and then a renewed and nearer outbreak of brisk melody. A mob of children was seen moving onward, or stopping, in unison with the sound, which appeared to proceed from the centre of the throng; so that they were loosely bound together by slender strains of harmony, and drawn along captive; with ever and anon an accession of some little fellow in an apron and straw-

hat, capering forth from door or gateway. Arriving under the shadow of the Pyncheon-elm, it proved to be the Italian boy, who, with his monkey and show of puppets, had once before played his hurdy-gurdy beneath the arched window. The pleasant face of Phœbe—and doubtless, too, the liberal recompense which she had flung him—still dwelt in his remembrance. His expressive features kindled up, as he recognized the spot where this trifling incident of his erratic life had chanced. He entered the neglected yard (now wilder than ever, with its growth of bay-weed and burdock), stationed himself on the door-step of the main entrance, and opening his show-box, began to play. Each individual of the automatic community forthwith set to work, according to his or her proper vocation: the monkey, taking off his Highland bonnet, bowed and scraped to the bystanders most obsequiously, with ever an observant eye to pick up a stray cent; and the young foreigner himself, as he turned the crank of his machine, glanced upward to the arched window, expectant of a presence that would make his music the livelier and sweeter. The throng of children stood near; some on the sidewalk; some within the yard; two or three establishing themselves on the very door-step; and one squatting on the threshold. Meanwhile, the locust kept singing in the great old Pyncheon-elm. 'I don't hear anybody in the house,' said one of the children to another. 'The monkey won't pick up anything here.'—'There is somebody at home,' affirmed the urchin on the threshold. 'I heard a step!' * *

'It could not have been more than half an hour after the disappearance of the Italian boy, with his unreasonable melodies, when a cab drove down the street. It stopped beneath the Pyncheon-elm; the cabman took a trunk, a canvas bag, and a band-box from the top of his vehicle, and deposited them on the door-step of the old house; a straw bonnet, and then the pretty figure of a young girl, came into view from the interior of the cab. It was Phœbe! * * Phœbe first tried the shop-door. It did not yield to her hand; and the white curtain, drawn across the window which formed the upper section of the door, struck her quick perceptive faculty as something unusual. Without making another effort to enter here, she betook herself to the great portal, under the arched window. Finding it fastened, she knocked. A reverberation came from the emptiness within. She knocked again, and a third time; and, listening intently, fancied that the floor creaked, as if Hepzibah were coming, with her ordinary tip-toe movement, to admit her. But so dead a silence ensued upon this imaginary sound, that she began to question whether she might not have mistaken the house, familiar as she thought herself with its exterior. Her notice was now attracted by a child's voice, at some distance. It appeared to call her name. Looking in the direction whence it proceeded, Phœbe saw little Ned Higgins, a good way down the street, stamping, shaking his head violently, making deprecatory gestures with both hands, and shouting to her at mouth-wide screech. 'No, no, Phœbe! he screamed. 'Don't you go in! There is something wicked there! Don't—don't—don't go in!' But as the little personage could not be induced to approach near enough to explain himself, Phœbe concluded that he had been frightened, on some of his visits to the shop, by her cousin Hepzibah; for the good lady's manifestations, in truth, ran about on equal chance of scaring children out of their wits, or compelling them to unseemly laughter. Still, she felt the more, for this incident, how unaccountably silent and impenetrable the house had become. At her next resort, Phœbe made her way into the garden, where, on so warm and bright a day as the present, she had little doubt of finding Clifford, and perhaps Hepzibah also, idling away the noontide in the shadow of the arbour. Immediately on her entering the garden-gate, the family of hens half ran, half flew to meet her; while a strange grimalkin, which was prowling under the parlour window, took to his heels, clambered hastily over the fence, and vanished. The arbour was vacant, and its floor, table, and circular bench, were still damp and bestrewn with the twigs, and the disarray of the past storm. The growth of the garden seemed to have got quite out of bounds; the weeds had taken advantage of Phœbe's absence, and the long continued rain, to run rampant over the flowers and kitchen vegetables. Maule's

well had overflowed its stone border, and made a pool of formidable breadth in that corner of the garden. The impression of the whole scene was that of a spot where no human foot had left its print for many preceding days,—probably not since Phoebe's departure,—for she saw a side-comb of her own under the table of the arbour, where it must have fallen on the last afternoon when she and Clifford sat there. The girl knew that her two relatives were capable of far greater oddities than that of shutting themselves up in their old house, as they appeared now to have done. Nevertheless, with indistinct misgivings of something amiss, and apprehensions to which she could not give shape, she approached the door that formed the customary communication between the house and garden. It was secured within, like the two which she had already tried. She knocked, however; and immediately, as if the application had been expected, the door was drawn open, by a considerable exertion of some unseen person's strength, not widely, but far enough to afford her a side-long entrance. As Hepzibah, in order not to expose herself to inspection from without, invariably opened a door in this manner, Phoebe necessarily concluded that it was her cousin who now admitted her. Without hesitation, therefore, she stepped across the threshold, and had no sooner entered than the door closed behind her."

Most readers will agree that the foregoing scene—from which, long as it is, we have been compelled to retrench many traits and incidents—is a scene of preparation of a very high order. The romancer is in it, as he should always be, a necromancer; and his spirits, quietly as they are invoked, are spirits of no ordinary power. We rarely find so much strength of grasp and so much self-restraint united as in the entire tale,—to which the reader is referred for the solution of the mystery so powerfully indicated in the above.

Before, however, we leave this book, we have to note a fault in it not chargeable upon 'The Scarlet Letter,'—and one which, as having introduced Mr. Hawthorne to the English public, we mention in friendly jealousy, lest it grow into an affection with him. That affluence of fancy, that delight in playing with an idea and placing it in every cameo light of the prism, and that love of reverie, which are so fascinating in a humorous essayist—become unfortunate if employed in scenes of emotion and junctures of breathless suspense. The speculations, for instance, upon him who sat in the deserted house on the day of the catastrophe fret the reader with their prosy and tantalizing ingenuity. They would have been in their place in the study of a single figure; but as interrupting the current which is sweeping the fortunes of many persons to the brink of the cataract—they are frivolous and vexatious. We beg our vigorous inventor and finely finishing artist (Mr. Hawthorne is both) to mistrust himself whenever he comes to his second simile and his third suggestion. They weaken the reader's faith,—they exhaust, not encourage, in him that desire to consider "what might have happened" in such or such other cases which it is so essentially the privilege of first-class stories to generate.

The Crystal Palace: its Architectural History and Constructive Marvels. By Peter Berlyn and Charles Fowler, jun. Gilbert.
Chemistry of the Crystal Palace. By Thomas Griffiths. Parker & Son.

It has been said, that if we leave out the Pyramids from among the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World, the other six could be placed in the inside of the Wonder of the Modern World now standing in Hyde Park. That such a building—singular in every respect—should command descriptive treatises in abundance, is what must be expected. Indeed,

standing, as the Exhibition building does, a vast phenomenon exemplifying the peculiarities of the age in which we live,—full and faithful accounts of it are things to be demanded. In the Exhibition Illustrated Catalogue will be found a detailed account of the construction of this Palace of Industry, by Mr. Digby Wyatt,—to whom the superintendence of the works for the Executive Committee has been from the first intrusted. This account is not, however,—forming, as it does, part of an expensive work,—accessible to many who would desire to know something of the mechanical and engineering details of the marvellous structure. To supply the want, 'The Crystal Palace' has been written; and after a very careful examination of the work, we are satisfied that the information therein afforded is sufficiently extensive and accurate to meet the desired end. It gives us the History of the Building,—and succinctly and clearly describes the various portions of it, and the machines which were employed in preparing the several details. Beyond this, it contains much interesting information in connexion with the progress of the works, and the plans which have been adopted to insure stability and to meet any contingencies which might arise. The illustrations are numerous and well selected:—so that, in all respects, this work furnishes a very satisfactory record of the structure whose popular name it assumes for its title. In describing the circumstances which led to Mr. Paxton's design and its adoption, one very interesting incident has been forgotten:—we allude to the blotting-paper sketch—now exhibited in the Fine Arts department—which Mr. Paxton made at a railway meeting at Derby. As the first thought—or rather as the expansion of a thought which had already been realized in the Victoria House at Chatsworth—this is of interest. In it we perceive the principles which have been adhered to in this immense edifice.

With the 'Chemistry of the Crystal Palace' we are not pleased. It is not what it professes to be:—and might with as much propriety be called the Chemistry of the Author's house,—or of any other ordinary dwelling. It is a treatise on certain sections of Chemical science, which are here and there—as in the case of Glass and Iron—made to refer to the "Crystal Palace." A glance at the heads of chapters will show our reason for thus expressing ourselves. Six chapters are devoted to metals,—Iron, Zinc, Tin, Lead, Copper, and Gold and Silver,—and the two other chapters treat of Wood and Glass. However extensively iron, and wood and glass may have been employed, and although zinc and tin may have been used to coat some of the iron and lead introduced under a few conditions,—it is clear that the copper and the gold and the silver can claim a place only as having been indirectly employed:—as, in payment of the workmen,—or perhaps the first as entering into the composition of a few bits of brass in the shape of door-handles and the like.

The author has published books having many claims to attention; we therefore regret that he should have committed himself to what is little less than a deception. A book containing much useful matter has here been written; and, if fairly put before the public, it would have deserved some amount of commendation,—notwithstanding the errors, evidently the result of haste, which it contains. But the relation between the copper swords of the Romans and the Crystal Palace, who can define? Our author enlightens us.—

"A straight wooden rod, bearing two surfaces of bronze, placed exactly twenty-four feet asunder, constituted 'the measure' by which the precise dis-

tances for placing the bases of the cast-iron column of the Crystal Palace were ascertained."

The author himself, however, cannot yoke, even thus remotely, antimony and bismuth, and gold and silver, plumbago and the diamond, the hydro-carbons and petroleum, into any relation with his subject. Yet, they and some scores of other matters are introduced to swell out the 224 pages of this book,—the Chemistry of which belongs as much to any ordinary railway station as to this realization of one of man's most exalted thoughts.

The Pilgrimage of Sir Richard Guylford to the Holy Land, A.D. 1506. From a Copy printed by Richard Pynson. Edited by Sir Henry Ellis. Printed for the Camden Society.

THIS work is of a character different from any that the Society by which it is issued has hitherto put forth:—and, if we mistake not, it will be acceptable to the subscribers. Its contents are certainly curious and amusing. Sir H. Ellis has contributed the Introduction,—which is perhaps all that is necessary; but we own that we should like to have had a little more information on the subject of ancient pilgrimages generally,—whether to St. Iago, to Walsingham, to Canterbury, to the Holy Land, or elsewhere. The topic is indeed touched on here; but so slightly that it might almost as well have been omitted.—

"Pilgrimages in early times were of varied character. Those made at home were chiefly to shrines, to saints, or to wells. The Canterbury pilgrimage, and that to our Lady of Walsingham, were probably the most popular. Chaucer has perpetuated the remembrance of the one; Erasmus of the other. The Pilgrimages made to other countries were chiefly those to Compostella, to Rome, and to Jerusalem. Compostella in Galicia was the nearest; and in the fifteenth century the chartering of vessels to convey pilgrims to the shrine of St. James occurs very frequently upon the public records. The journey to Jerusalem took no small sum of money to accomplish. Brompton tells us that in 1170 when Richard the First arrived at Marseilles, he found many pilgrims who had waited so long for a sea passage to the Holy Land, that their funds had become exhausted."

This really amounts to nothing; and the preface to this small volume afforded such a tempting opportunity for enlarging on the question, and so supplying what is much wanted, that we are surprised the learned editor could refrain from seizing on it. There is another deficiency which we are called on to point out:—a deficiency, too, of which we have rarely to complain. It generally happens that the notes to publications of this kind are too many, rather than too few. Now, it is true that we are told here and there, at the foot of the page of the work before us, that *domini* is misprinted for *dominii*, *sygne* for *syne*, *triburye* for *tributary*, &c.; but nearly all matters demanding explanation—recollecting that the book is addressed to more than a thousand ordinary readers,—are passed over without remark. We hardly know how to find fault on this score, because it is not long since we reviewed a work issued by this Society in which the notes vastly and needlessly exceeded the bulk of the body of the volume. Possibly Sir Henry Ellis in performing his present editorial duty bore this circumstance in mind.—Of all else here we highly approve—particularly of the index, which has the advantage of being complete, though it is brief.

The biographical account of Sir Richard Guylford is as full and satisfactory as it could be rendered with scanty materials; and the authorities for the various statements, however trifling, are duly registered,—although in our

subsequent extract we have not thought it necessary to repeat them.—

"Sir Richard Guylforde was a person of known eminence; of a good family, as the pedigree which accompanies this preface will explain; and one of those who, upon the usurpation of Richard the Third, quickly espoused the cause of the Earl of Richmond. Polydore Vergil mentions him expressly among those whom Sir Reginald Bray brought into his lure, taking an oath from them to be true and secret; but Sir Richard Guylforde's father had been comptroller of the household to Edward the Fourth, and it is more probable that, knowing as they well did the means by which Richard had mounted the throne, they fell readily into defection, without the necessity of previous lure. Father and son, at the same moment, raised forces for the Earl of Richmond in Kent; and on the Duke of Buckingham's defeat were both included by name in the act of attainder of the Duke and his followers. Of Sir John Guylforde, the father, we hear nothing at the moment. But Richard is stated to have fled immediately to the Earl in Brittany, and to have returned subsequently with him to Wales, when at the landing at Milford Haven he received the honour of knighthood. There is no mention of him at Bosworth; but through the reign of Henry the Seventh, as far as his twenty-first year, Sir Richard Guylforde was the object of continued favour. On the 29th September, 1485, he received the custody of the royal manor of Kennington, where Henry took up his residence previous to his coronation. On the 2nd of October following he was made one of the Chamberlains of the Exchequer; subsequent to which, on the 8th March, we find him Master of the Ordnance and of the King's Armoury. He was likewise one of those whom the King made choice of for his Privy Council."

Sir Richard Guylforde (or Guildford) was made Knight of the Garter in 1499,—and quitted England on his pilgrimage in April 1506. From this he never returned,—having been buried at Jerusalem on the 7th of September following. The account of what the pilgrims did and saw was written from day to day by Sir Richard's chaplain,—who never names himself; and the narrative was printed by Pynson in 1511. Although part of the date in the only known copy (among Mr. Grenville's books in the British Museum) has been destroyed, enough remains to prove in what year it appeared. On the title-page is a wood-cut representing the reception of a pilgrim of rank by the Prior of St. John of Jerusalem,—at the back is a shield of the Royal arms,—and at the conclusion is the printer's device:—all of which have been carefully cut in fac-simile for the volume in our hands.

Besides his chaplain and servants, Sir Richard Guylforde was accompanied by the Prior of Gisburn,—who, as well as Sir Richard, died and was buried in the Holy Land. The narrative of their adventures on their way through France and Savoy, down the Adriatic, and so to Jaffa and Jerusalem, contains nothing remarkable; but the account of the sacred wonders which they saw in all parts of Palestine is very amusing,—not the less so for the simplicity and credulity of the travellers. Among other things, we are told that they saw and touched Adam's head,—which had been miraculously dug up near the foot of the Cross.

We are not disposed to quote what this pious chaplain tells us of the holy relics,—and of the miracles which they wrought; but we may extract, with more satisfaction and firmer faith, what he says of the Temple of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem,—which he thus compares with our own Temple Church in London. Our readers may like to see in this one extract a specimen of the spelling of the time.—

"The disposicion and makynge of the sayd Temple of the Holy Sepulchre is rounde at the west ende, and estwarde fourmyd after the makynge of a church, moche what after the fourme and makynge

of the Temple at London, saffe it is fer exceedynge in gretnesse and hathe wonder many yles, crowdes, and vantes, chapels, and dryussyons, hyghe, and lowe, in greute noubre; and muell it is to se the many dyfferences and secrete places within the sayde temple; and the greute rounde parte westwarde of the sayde temple is all open in the roffe, where vnder stoneth the holy Sepulchre of our Lorde, which is made all of stone, roof and all, in fourme of a lytell Chapell; and firste, at the entre of the same is a lytell dore, where we come into a lytel roudé chapell, voughted, otherwyse called a Spelunke, of .viij. fote of brede, and asmoche in length; and from this we entre into a moche lasse and lowgher dore, and come into a lyke spelunke, and vpon the ryght hande of the same, eyn within the sayde low dore, is the very 'holy sepulchre of our Lorde, couerde with a whyte marble stone, the lengthe whereof is .viij. fote, and there is no lyght into the sayde lytell spelunke of the sepulchre by no maner of wyndowe, but the lyght is there mynstred by many lampes hangynge within the sayde spelunke ouer the sepulchre. Into the firste of thysse two spelunkes entred the women when they sayde, 'Quis reuoluet nobis lapidem ab hostio monumeti?' and parte of the same stone lyeth there yet nowe in the same vttermoste spelunke, and the other grettest parte is a stone of the hygh altur in seynt Sauours church, wherof is mencyon made byfore, &c."

We will not enter into other curious matters to be picked out of 'The Pilgrimage of Syr R. Guylforde,'—quite apart from the merely religious portion of the narrative. They relate especially to the adventures of the author on his return home; as well as to the manners, institutions, and habits of the people with whom he mixed,—and of whom he was an acute observer and a patient chronicler.

The Correspondence of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, and the Rev. William Mason. Edited by the Rev. J. Mitford.

[Concluding Notice.]

THE speculation in which we indulged last week arose legitimately out of the work before us,—indeed, was so strictly confined to it that every illustration was thence taken; and these were not, we trust, the less amusing because selected with a secondary purpose. On this occasion we shall wander over the pages of the book at our own free will.

On the first announcement that 'Elfrida' was in preparation, Mason wrote to Walpole.—

"Depend upon it if the Play (or Poem, call it which you will) has any success, it is owing to no intrinsic merit of its own, but only from its producing to the eye of the audience such a strange sight as twenty British virgins. In England (says Shakspeare) 'any strange beast makes a man'; what then must twenty strange beasts do? But do you not think it somewhat cavalier in Mr. Colman to do what he has done without any previous intimation of it to me. I should have known nothing of the matter had not my bookseller heard of it and demanded the property of the Chorus books then printing off. One of these he has sent me, in which the odes are so lopt and mangled that they are worse now than the productions of Handel's poet, Dr. Morel. One instance I must give you because it is curious. In my fourth ode I called the first man a *godlike* youth, authorized so to do by the first chapter of Genesis. Dr. Arne calls him a *royal* youth. An epithet which I fancy will be approved nowhere but at St. James's, for it carries the *jus divinum* higher than Sir Robert Filmer carried it. We have heard of a King Abraham and a King Noah, but a King Adam is quite new. However, as the said King was no author, it will make no addition to your royal list. * * I conjecture that in a fortnight or three weeks, you may find occasion to write to me on a subject we talked about when we were at the Black Swan at York. Whatever news you send me on that head I must desire you to write as of a third unknown person, as I suspect at that time I shall find the seals of my correspondents not very firm. This paragraph will convince you that I ought not hastily to come to town, even if 'Elfrida' had more charms

than Lady Pentweaze to bring me there, which indeed she has not."

We will now accompany Walpole to the theatre, in proof to our younger readers that such places really existed and were frequented by fashionables.—

"I have been to see 'Elfrida'; don't think it was out of revenge, though it is wretchedly acted and worse set to music. The virgins were so inarticulate that I should have understood them as well if they had sung choruses of Sophocles. Orgar had a broad Irish accent; I thought the first virgin, who is a lusty virago, called Miss Miller, would have knocked him down, and I hoped she would. Edgar starr'd at his own crown, and seemed to fear it would tumble off. * * Smith did not play Athelwold ill; Mrs. Hartley is made for the part, if beauty and figure could suffice for what you write, but she has no one symptom of genius. * * Mr. Garrick has been wondrously jealous of the King's going twice together to Covent Garden, and to lure him back has crammed the town's maw with shows of the Portsmouth review and interlarded every play with the most fulsome loyalties. He has new-written the Fair Quaker of Deal, and made it ten times worse than it was originally, and all to the tune of Portsmouth and George for ever; not to mention a preface in which the Earl of Sandwich by name is preferred to Drake, Blake, and all the admirals that ever existed."

Mason's reply is characteristic.—

'You are very good to give 'Elfrida' so much countenance, yet I think I should hardly go to see her, even if old Macklin was to play Athelwold! If I did, it would be for the sake of a riot, which I always loved as the only remaining vestige of English liberty, except that of the press, about which they say there is to be a message to parliament. Pray is there any ground for this report? I ask for a very particular reason. There are other folks besides Garrick that hope shortly to give the Portsmouth review due honour, and pretend that they were the occasion of it. I long to see Garrick's preface. Mem: any packet how large soever, will be sent me from Fraser at Lord Suffolk's office. Mem: also, I do not want to see the play.—I remember in one of your letters that you told me the Earl of Bristol said he would sooner read blasphemy than a certain poem. Did this come to your hands in such a manner that it might be ridiculed safely?'

We shall extract a few more paragraphs of literary gossip.—

'Well, I have read Mr. Warton's book; and shall I tell you what I think of it? I never saw so many entertaining particulars crowded together with so little entertainment and vivacity. The facts are overwhelmed by one another as Johnstone's sense is by words; they are all equally strong. Mr. Warton has amassed all the parts and learning of four centuries and all the impression that remains is, that those four ages had no parts or learning at all. There is not a gleam of poetry in their compositions between the Scalds and Chaucer: may I question whether they took their metres for anything more than rules for writing prose. In short, it may be the genealogy of versification with all its intermarriages and anecdotes of the family—but Gray's and your plan might still be executed. I am sorry Mr. Warton has contracted such an affection for his materials, that he seems almost to think that not only Pope, but Dryden himself have added few beauties to Chaucer. The republic of Parnassus has lost a member; Dr. Goldsmith is dead of a purple fever, and I think might have been saved if he had continued James's powder, which had had much effect, but his physician interposed. His numerous friends neglected him shamefully at last, as if they had no business with him when it was too serious to laugh. He had lately written epitaphs for them all, some of which hurt, and perhaps made them not sorry that his own was the first necessary. The poor soul had some parts, though never common sense. I shall go to town tomorrow and send for my Lord Chesterfield's letters, though I know all I wished to see is suppressed. The Stanhopes applied to the chancellor for an injunction, and it was granted. At last, his lordship permitted the publication on two conditions, that I own were reasonable, though I am sorry for

them. The first, that the family might expunge what passages they pleased: the second, that Mrs. Stanhope should give up to them, without reserving a copy, Lord Chesterfield's portraits of his contemporaries, which he had lent to his son, and redemanded of the widow, who gave them up, but had copied them. He burnt the originals himself, just before he died, in disgust with Sir John Dalrymple's book, a new crime in that sycophant's libel. Campbell's book I have not looked into, and am told is very heavy—thus I have given you an account of my reading as my confessor in literature. I know nothing else, and am happy to have time for thinking of my amusement."

"I was too late for the post on Thursday, and have since got Lord Chesterfield's letters, which, without being well entertained, I sat up reading last night till between one and two, and devoured above 140. To my great surprise they seem really written from the heart, not for the honour of his head, and in truth do no great honour to the last, nor show much feeling in the first, except wishing for his son's fine gentlemanhood. He was sensible what a cub he had to work on, and whom two quartos of licking could not mould, for cub he remained to his death. The repetitions are endless and tiresome. The next volume, I see, promises more amusement, for in turning it over I spied many political names. The more curious part of all is that one perceives by what infinite assiduity and attention his lordship's own great character was raised and supported,—and yet in all that great character what was there worth remembering but his bon mots? His few fugitive pieces that remain show his genteel turn for songs and his wit—from politics he rather escaped well, than succeeded by them. In short, the diamond owed more to being brilliant and polished, and well set, than to any intrinsic worth or solidity."

"He seems to have been determined to indemnify himself for the falsehood and constraint of his whole life by owning what an impostor he had been. The work is a most proper book of laws for the generation in which it is published, and has reduced the folly and worthlessness of the age to a regular system, in which nothing but the outside of the body and the superficialities of the mind are considered. * * In short, if the idea were not an old one, I would write on the back of this code, *The Whole Duty of Man, adapted to the meanest capacities.*"

"You will be diverted to hear that Mr. Gibbon has quarrelled with me. He lent me his second volume in the middle of November. I returned it with a most civil panegyric. He came for more incense, I gave it, but, alas! with too much sincerity, I added, 'Mr. Gibbon, I am sorry you should have pitched on so disgusting a subject as the Constantinopolitan History. There is so much of the Arians and Eunomians, and semi-Pelagians; and there is such a strange contrast between Roman and Gothic manners, and so little harmony between a Consul Sabinus and a Ricimer, Duke of the palace, that though you have written the story as well as it could be written, I fear few will have patience to read it.' He coloured; all his round features squeezed themselves into sharp angles; he screwed up his button-mouth, and rapping his snuff-box said, 'It had never been put together before'—so well, he meant to add—but gulped it. He meant so well, certainly, for Tillemont, whom he quotes in every page, has done the very thing. Well, from that hour to this I have never seen him, though he used to call once or twice a week; nor has sent me the third volume, as he promised. I well knew his vanity, even about his ridiculous face and person, but thought he had too much sense to avow it so palpably. The History is admirably written, especially in the characters of Julian and Athanasius, in both which he has piqued himself on impartiality—but the style is far less sedulously enamelled than the first volume, and there is flattery to the Scots that would choke anything but Scots, who can gobble feathers as readily as thistles. David Hume and Adam Smith are legislators and sages, but the homage is intended for his patron, Lord Loughborough—so much for literature and its 10's!"

Here is Mason's account of the visitation of the new Archbishop—Markham.—

"I found your favour of the 10th with the *Gazettes Littéraires* (for both which many thanks) at

Sheffield, on the 18th inst., after I had taken my leave of my diocesan at his visitation, who was then setting out for Wentworth Castle on the invitation of its noble owner. Except from him and the Duke of Newcastle, I do not find he has received any civility hitherto on his progress; I indeed, the day before, treated him with a stinking turbot at Aston; but I and my stinking turbot are nothing. The papers will tell you how he puffs his predecessor, Robin Goodfellow, in his charge, and except this, which gave great offence to everybody who knew Robin's real character, that is to say, the whole body of the clergy who heard him, save one unprovided-for chaplain, who wept bitterly; except this, I say, all other matters went off quietly and dully enough, in conscience. Though naturally very ungracious in his manner, dry, reserved and absent, he put on his most benign aspect to your humble servant, and invited both me and my portmanteau to Bishopthorpe, which I returned with two bows, one for my portmanteau and another for myself. I feel no little comfort in finding His Grace now northward of me, for almost all my time the fortnight before was taken up in parochial preparations, such as making out terriers, catechising children, writing them out confirmation tickets, &c. &c., preaching on the subject, &c. &c., all which you have no conception of, and would think it, if you had, my curate's business. Yet, I had my reasons for taking it upon myself as much as possible on the present occasion; nevertheless, I have done something else; 'are you advised of that?' as Mrs. Quickly says; no; but I trust you will ere long. But the conveyance, though safe, is so uncertain in point of time, witness your *Gazettes Littéraires* (which ought to have been dropt at my door five days before I found them ten miles off, at Sheffield) that I shall find another method of giving you a sight of the drawings [probably MSS.] to which I allude, therefore you must wait with patience till they arrive. I must tell you one speech which I made to His Grace, as I have no speeches of other folks to send you. He praised my house and said it must have cost me a good deal of money. I said it did, and perhaps I was imprudent to lay out so much, but it gave me consolation to think I had by doing so, made a pretty adequate return to Lord H. for his patronage, especially as the living was retained in the family, and as to the situation, I thought it so pleasant that a man might very well preserve his independency in it, the only thing which I thought worth preserving. His Grace was silent, but whether his silence gave consent to the opinion I pretend not to determine."

Mason, it is evident, had some especial reason for the following inquiries, made in 1777.—

"I wish at your leisure you would sully a sheet or two of paper with giving me the birth, parentage, and education of General Burgoyne; at present I know little of him but as an orator. That consciousness of Christianity which he talks of in his proclamation in the very same breath that he threatens to give a stretch to his savage allies, makes me think that one might compose a good liturgy for the use of the King's friends who, like the General, I trust have the same consciousness of Christianity, and who like him can reconcile the scalping knife with the Gospel. I am told that General Haldimand, now made Governor of Quebec, was the first person who laid a plan before Government for employing these Indians, and that it was rejected. His promotion shows that Government has had the grace to change its mind, even if the *Gazette* had not told us so before. Pray were not the Spaniards as defensible in employing dogs against the Americans as we are? But I scorn the word we. I am not, I cannot submit to call myself an Englishman. * * Lord Rockingham and his party are good Christians, and can forgive their enemies, whatever other folks are. At York races they all dined at the Archbishop's public dinner, and gave for a reason that his Grace made them the first visit at their lodgings; so you may call them rogues, rascals, or what you please, only visit them afterwards and they will be as merry as griggs with you. Seriously speaking, I hardly know a more ridiculous proceeding than this: their secession was hardly more so. Had they avoided this visit, his Grace's mitre would have set awkwardly upon him for life. As it is, he must write another Sermon before he meets with that contempt which every true Whig

ought to give him. But where is such a Whig to be found? I see an Unconverted Whig has published something; is it worth the reading?"

To which Walpole replied:—

"You ask the history of Burgoyne the pompous. He is a natural son of Lord Bingley, who put him into the entail of the estate; but when young Lane came of age the entail was cut off. He ran away with the old Lord Derby's daughter, and has been a fortunate gamester. Junius was thought unjust, as he was never supposed to do more than play very well. I have heard him speak in Parliament, just as he writes; for all his speeches were written and laboured,—and yet neither in them nor in his conversation did he ever impress me with an idea of his having parts. He is, however, a very useful commander, for he feeds the *Gazette* and the public, while the Howes and the war are so dumb. I have read the Unconverted Whig, and recommend him to you. He does not waste words like the unmerciful hero of the last paragraph. It is a short, clear, strong picture of our present situation and its causes. I see no fault in it but its favour for the Rockinghams, the most timid set of time-serving triflers that ever existed. Why should not he dine with his Grace? Do not all Lord Rockingham's politics begin and end with dinners? Is not decency their whole wisdom? When they shunned Wilkes, could they avoid the Archbishop? I would lay a wager, that if a parcel of schoolboys were to play at politicians, the children that should take the part of the opposition would discover more spirit and sense. The cruelest thing that has been said of the Americans by the Court is, that they were encouraged by the opposition. You might as soon light a fire with a wet dish-clout."

Here are a few political pictures.—

"The enigma of the day, as he has oft been, is Lord Chatham. He has quarrelled with General Rockingham on the question of independence, and in a manner declared off; yet he is expected to-day in the House of Lords to anathematize the new levies. There is much talk, too, of his coming into place, which I doubt. Everybody must have discovered that his crutch is no magic wand; and if the lame leads the blind, it is not the way of shunning a ditch. Charles Fox has tumbled old Saturn from the throne of oratory; and if he has not all the dazzling lustre, has much more of the solid materials. They say nothing ever excelled his oration against the *unfortunate minister*, who was truly unfortunate that day, for had Lord George been present, the thunder had fallen on him."

Ten days later he renews the subject.—

"I prefer Charles Fox's native wood notes to Burke's feigned voice, though it goes to the highest pitch of the gamut of wit. Apropos, his last Friday's parody of Burgoyne's talk with the Indians was the *chef-d'œuvre* of wit, humour, and just satire, and almost suffocated Lord North himself with laughter; as his pathetic description of the barbarities of the Cis-atlantic army

Drew iron tears down Barré's cheek,

I wish I could give you an idea of that superlative oration. He was pressed to print it, but says he has not time during the session. How cold, how inadequate will be my fragment of a sketch from second, third and thousandth hands; yet I must send you a bit of a daub with probably even the epithets wrong or misplaced, though each was picturesque. Well, though I can neither draw nor colour, *invenies etiam dijecti membra*. Hurlrothumbo exhorted seventeen Indian nations, who so far from understanding the Hurlrothumbic dialect, are probably almost as ignorant of English; he exhorted them by the dictates of our holy religion, and by their reverence for our constitution, to repair to his Majesty's standard. Where was that? said Burke: on board Lord Dunmore's ship;—and he exhorted them (I suppose by the same divine and human laws) not to touch the hair of the head of man, woman or child, while living, though he was willing to deal with them for scalps of the dead, being a nice and distinguished judge between the scalp taken from a dead person and the head of a person that dies of being scalped. Let us state this christian exhortation and christian injunction, said Burke, by a more familiar picture; suppose there was a riot on Tower Hill, what would the keeper of his Majesty's lions do? would he not

fling open the dens of the wild beasts, and then address them thus? My gentle lions, my humane bears, my sentimental wolves, my tender-hearted hyænas, go forth; but I exhort ye, as ye are christians and members of a civilized society, to take care not to hurt man, woman or child, &c. &c. Barré's codicil was to threaten to paste on churches this memorable talk under the injunctions of the bishops for a fast."

In another week he thus continues:—

"You, perhaps, who have all ecclesiastical history at your fingers' ends, may recollect something approaching to the transaction of *yesterday the 17th of February*, a day of confession and humiliation, that will be remembered as long as the name of England exists. Yesterday, Feb. 17 [1778], did the whole administration, by the mouth of their spokesman, Lord North, no, no, not resign; on the contrary, try to keep their places by a full and ample confession of all their faults, and by a still more extraordinary act,—by doing full justice both to America and to the opposition,—by allowing that the former are no cowards, nor conquerable,—that they are no rebels, for the new commissioners are to treat with the Congress, or anybody, and, by asking pardon by effects; *i. e.* the cancelling all offensive acts, and by acknowledging the independence of the thirteen provinces, not *verbally* yet *virtually*. These were Lord North's words. To the opposition full justice is done; for if the administration has been in the wrong from beginning to end, their opponents must have been a little in the right. The faults of the administration, according to their own calculation, are *two*: one of being misinformed, the other of persisting in a mere point of honour. Some will perhaps think they have been guilty of two more;—the destruction of twenty-four thousand lives on their own side, and Lord knows how many thousands on t'other, with the burning of towns, desolation of the country, and the expense of above thirty millions of money; the second consists of two parts,—rejection of all proposals of accommodation offered by the opposition, and the delay of offering terms themselves, till they knew it was too late; for Lord North was asked if he did not know that the treaty between the Americans and France is signed? He would not answer till Sir George Savage hallowed out, 'an answer, an answer, an answer!' His lordship then rose, could not deny the fact, but said that he did not know it *officially*; that is, I suppose, it does not stand on the votes of the Parliament at Paris. What shall I say more; though this is not half of that ignominious 17th of February. The measure passed *nemine contradicente*. The Tories gulped their shame, the rest pocketed."

Here is a home-scene, such as Strawberry Hill in its best day, and Walpole in his best humour, only could offer.—

"Lady Laura will describe to you a most brilliant fête that I gave her and her sisters and cousins last Thursday. People may say what they will, but splendid as it was, I am not of opinion that this *festival of nieces* was absolutely the most charming show that ever was seen. I believe the entertainment given by the Queen of the Amazons to the King of Mauritania in the Castle of Ice, and the ball made for the Princess of Persia by the Duke of Sparta in the Saloon of Roses were both of them more delightful, especially as the contrast of the sable Africans with the shining whiteness of the Thracian heroines, and the opposition between the nudity of the Lacedæmonian generals and the innumerable folds of linen in the drapery of the Persian ladies, must have been more singular than all the marvels in the Castle of Strawberry last Thursday. To be sure, the illumination of the gallery surpassed the palace of the Sun; and when its fretted ceiling, which you know is richer than the roof of paradise, opened for the descent of Mrs. Clive in the full moon, nothing could be more striking. The circular drawing-room was worthy of the presence of Queen Bess, as many of the old ladies, who remember her, affirmed; and the high altar in the tribune was fitter for a Protestant king's hearing mass than the chapel at Lord Petre's. The tapestry bed in the great chamber looked gorgeous (though it had not an escutcheon of pretence like the Duchess of Chandos's while her father and brother are living), and was ready strewed with roses

for a hymeneal; but alas! there was the misfortune of the solemnity! Though my nieces looked as well as the Hours, notwithstanding I was disappointed of the House of North to set them off, and though I had sent out one hundred and thirty cards, in this region there are no swains who are under my own almost climacteric. I had three Jews of Abraham's standing, and Seven Sarahs who still talk of the second temple. The rest of the company were dowagers and maidens, with silver beards down to their girdles; Henry and Frances, whose doves have long done laying; the curate of the parish; Briscoe, the second-hand silver-smith; Mr. Raftor; and Lady Greenwich in a riding-dress, for she came on her own broom. You may perhaps think that some of the company were not quite of dignity adequate to such a high festival, but they were just the persons made the most happy by being invited; and as the haughtiest peers stoop to be civil to shopkeepers before an election, I did not see why I should not do, out of good nature, what the proudest so often do out of interest. I do not mention two ancient generals, because they have not been beaten out of America into red ribbands."

We shall conclude with an anecdote or two.

"Footo was at Paris in October, when Dr. Murray [Lord Mansfield] was, who, *admiring or dreading* his wit, (for commentators dispute on the true reading) often invited him to dinner with his nephew. The ambassador [Lord Stormont] produced a very small bottle of Tokay, and dispensed it in very small glases. The uncle to prove how precious every drop, said it was of the most exquisite growth and very old. Footo, taking up the diminutive glass and examining it, replied, 'it is very little of its age.'"

M. Girardin, who wrote an 'Essay on Gardening,' and whose celebrated garden was laid out, as he supposed, in the English fashion, erected a monument to Shenstone, as one of the earliest and best of English gardeners, and had the following inscription engraved on it.—

"This plain Stone
To William Shenstone,
Who in his mind possess'd
A genius natural,
Who in his garden dress'd
Artificial greens rural."

Mere English will not do after this:—here, therefore, we conclude.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Thimm's London.—A compendious little London guide for Germans, written in their own tongue by one who has lived long enough in England to give trustworthy information on those points which most concern the foreign visitor. It is therefore to be greatly preferred to the guide-books got up on the Continent by compilers whose imperfect knowledge of the locale and of the usages to which their English originals refer is apt to lead them into ludicrous errors. The issue of this book, at a season when many Germans are likely to be invited hither by the Great Exhibition, is well timed:—since its chief merit is that of answering the questions most immediately occurring to the tourist who comes over for a short time as a perfect stranger—without calling his attention to other matters that he can better learn in other ways, if he makes a longer stay, and that are of little use to him on a passing visit. A few sensible observations—much needed—are prefixed, in reply to the query, "Who ought to go to London?" The conveyances thither,—sights best worth seeing, and ways of seeing them,—the hotels, public places, monies, weights and measures, and prices of living and lodging are then succinctly described: and the volume ends with a list of English words and phrases, noted, as nearly as possible, according to German pronunciation,—for those who unluckily arrive without any previous knowledge of our language. A very fair map is annexed;—making altogether a summary and practical *cade mecum* of the kind most wanted by the class of flying guests whom we may expect in unusual numbers throughout the present summer. The book, we see, is published at Leipzig, as well as in New Bond Street.

The Symbol of Glory; showing the Object and End of Freemasonry. By the Rev. G. Oliver, D.D. —Dr. Oliver is one of the most voluminous—if not

one of the most luminous—of writers. His 'History of Beverley' and his account of the religious houses in Lincolnshire are works well known to antiquaries in the north of England; but his great theme has always been Masonry in its various phases—moral, historical, and religious. The present volume he describes as the last of his series—forming an encyclopedia of masonic knowledge. On one point, we may mention, the attempt to prove a position ends in disproving it most completely. Dr. Oliver, admitting that many intelligent Masons deny that there is any connexion between Masonry and Christianity, endeavours to show that the first-named is based on the second. As Dr. Oliver himself in a former publication traced the origin of the order to the building of Solomon's Temple—how can it possibly be based on the doctrines of the Christian system!

Statistics of British Commerce. By Braithwaite Poole, Esq. Part I.—This is a somewhat singular-looking pamphlet,—but by no means devoid of merit and utility. There is not a syllable of introduction or preface; but the reader opens at once into a dictionary-arrangement of the names of nearly all articles which enter into commerce. The present part commences with Acetate and ends with Chiocry; and when the next and succeeding parts will appear, or whether they will appear at all, and how many or how few of them there are likely to be, are questions on which the reader is left entirely to his own conjectures.—To call such a book 'Statistics of British Commerce,' is a piece of pure conceit. The compilation is simply a dictionary of commerce, with all the articles very much abridged. As far as this first part extends, the abridgment is on the whole well done. The descriptions are distinct and the language is generally free from faults. But we confess that we cannot understand either Mr. Poole or his publication.

Fifty Lessons on the Elements of the German Language. By A. Heimann, Ph.D.—Dr. Heimann, who is Professor of German in University College, London, here gives an illustration of the method which he has for several years successfully adopted in teaching that useful language. Each lesson consists of some portion of grammar—in the shape of a tense or two of a verb, the declension of a substantive, adjective or pronoun,—a vocabulary containing such words as often occur in conversation, followed by useful explanatory remarks,—and an exercise, composed of simple English sentences to be turned into German. It is a pity there is no German for translation into English. We also miss that richness in idiomatic illustration for which Mr. Arnold's First Books are so remarkable. This deficiency is the more remarkable, as the professed object in view is, to qualify the pupil for *speaking* German.

German made Easy. By Dr. Pirscher.—There is nothing peculiar in the manner in which the author of this work attempts to make German easy. It merely consists in giving a series of long exercises, containing short sentences to be translated from German into English, and *vice versa*, with a vocabulary prefixed to each, and a sufficient amount of grammatical information to enable anybody to do what is required. The book is certainly easy enough, but very tedious. Nor does its facility consist so much in solving as in omitting difficulties. It is made easy at the cost of being less useful. A student might go through it carefully without acquiring much knowledge of the construction or peculiarities of the German language. The stock of words in the vocabularies is great; but inconvenient for the purpose of reference, through being printed in the same manner as ordinary reading matter, instead of in columns.

The Art of Conversation. By William Henty.—This little book possesses an interest beyond its intrinsic merits:—which, however, let us say, are by no means of the common order. As the title-page informs us, it is the Report of a lecture delivered before the members of a Mechanics' Institute in Van Diemen's Land. A few years ago we sent out a bishop to that island on account of the fearful tales which came to this country of the state of its society; but, so far as we know, this is the first indication,—and it is a pleasant one,—that a love of

literature and a feeling for the graces of art and scholarship have taken root there. Throughout this lecture there are an informing spirit, a taste for elegant reading, and an appreciation of what is best and most refining in our literature, continually apparent. A country which can take an interest in such studies as are here suggested can scarcely be in so bad a moral condition as is often said to be the case with Van Diemen's Land.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[illegible]

MR. THACKERAY'S LECTURES

On the morning of Thursday last, Mr. Thackeray delivered, at Willis's Rooms, the opening lecture of a series on the British Humourists of the eighteenth century. We may at once say that *humour*—the avowed theme of the lecturer's discourse—had but small share in its composition. Those who anticipated from Mr. Thackeray's writings sallies of liveliness or the zest of pungent satire, would be to a great extent disappointed. Nor did the lecture—which on this occasion was confined to Swift—enter either into the details of his life or into a critical estimate of his genius. Assuming his audience to be conversant with both the works and the biography of the man,—the former Mr. Thackeray touched on most incidentally—and the latter was conveyed in the briefest summary. The lecturer's aim seems to have been, to select a few points in the career of his hero, and to deduce from them a series of moral reflections. In pursuing this end—a limited one it must be confessed when compared with the magnitude of the ostensible topic—the lecturer sustained his reputation as a writer of pure and graphic English. His characterization of Swift and an incidental notice of Temple were especially epigrammatic, lucid and picturesque, and reminded us of some of the most sterling passages in English Comedy. Stella and Vanessa, of course, were not forgotten,—and much manly pathos was expended in the allusions to the former. The omgms of Swift's conduct to this devoted woman Mr. Thackeray made no attempt to solve. The wildness of the Dean was duly protested against; and the charitable trust, derived from certain passages in his letters, that a better nature lay struggling beneath his heartlessness, was enforced. The balance, such as it is, was stated; and it is no fault of the lecturer if in the total absence of all

explanatory motives, that balance was not finally struck.—From what we have said, it will be seen that these dissertations are not likely to abound in either personal facts or literary criticism.—The most interesting points in the lecture were those casual ones which developed the individuality of the speaker. All, however, who take pleasure in graphic description, and are willing to hear the trains of thought which scattered incidents suggest to Mr. Thackeray's mind are likely to reap gratification from his discourses. Such gratification, let us add, would be increased by a style of delivery more varied and more audible. Owing to the low cadence which Mr. Thackeray employs for emphasis, some of his most interesting comments were but imperfectly heard.

The remaining five lectures will introduce Pope, Fielding, Hogarth, Steele, Gay, Addison, Congreve, Sterne, Smollett, and Goldsmith.—The rooms on Thursday morning were fully and fashionably attended.

THE GREAT INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

From the 1st of May—as our readers in town have seen and those in the country have read—the moral success of the Industrial Exhibition has been a great and sure fact. Whether the financial success would bear any rate of proportion to the moral promise of the day, was a point which time only could determine. Much depended on this,—both as regarded the possibility of retaining the Crystal Palace for the nation, and as referring to the further possibility of renewing the marvel of the age after a lapse of years. From the moment when the structure rose from the ground in its grace and beauty, for ourselves we never doubted, as our readers well know, about its fate ; but even on that auspicious May-day we heard persons, anxious as ourselves for the success of the Exhibition, declare that in less than two years the grass would be again growing greenly over the area now inclosed within the crystal walls. Day by day, however, these misgivings have been abating,—and at the end of three weeks we may assert that the financial success, too, of the great undertaking is assured. To pay the entire expenses of the Exhibition, and to buy the building as a perpetual palace for the people will require about 300,000*l*. Towards this sum 65,000*l*. have been raised by subscription,—65,486*l*. have been received for the sale of season-tickets,—and up to Thursday night the amount received at the doors for admission was, 37,702*l*. :—making altogether, at the end of only three weeks, a total of 168,188*l*. As the masses have yet to come in at the reduced rates, the receipts at the doors will probably not fall much below the average of 1,500*l*. a day for the next hundred days :—and if so, we may add to the present total a prospect of 150,000*l*.

This, it will be seen, leaves a margin of surplus,—though not a large one. Some of our sanguine contemporaries, astonished at a success so far beyond their pre-calculations, indulge in magnificent projects for the investment of a fund which seems to them boundless. There have been divers hints of buying up, not only the Crystal Palace, but all that it contains. Nothing seems impossible in face of the huge facts before them:—and even figures would seem to have acquired a new power as applicable to the Great Exhibition. We are sorry to interfere with this caleulature of the imagination:—but, Cocker must have his rights even in the Palace of Glass. The value of its contents has been variously estimated: but we have heard no one appraise them at less than twelve millions,—and some calculations go up as high as thirty. Let us assume the lowest figure to be correct, for the sake of a sum to be worked after the fashion of the venerable shade whom we have invoked. How soon could the Royal Commission raise twelve millions of money even were they certain to receive from the public at the doors 2,000*l.* daily over and above all the expenses of management? In just 6,000 days:—that is, after deducting Sundays and other religious days, when the Palace must of course be closed, in exactly twenty years! Look at the question from another point of view. At 5*l.* per cent. per annum the interest on twelve millions is

600,000*l.* a-year :—or, leaving out Sundays and a few other as non-productive days, just 2,000*l.* a day ! If the contents of the Exhibition be really worth twenty millions, a daily income of 3,300*l.* would not discharge the mere interest on the capital lying dead in the Crystal Palace. The suggestion therefore of purchasing the Exhibition in order to keep its contents together is one which merely shows to what wild poetic heights the imagination may climb up the wonderful shafts of the Palace of Glass.

Yet, it is extremely desirable, if any means can be thought of to that end, that the collection should not be again dispersed. Probably no one has ever walked across that marvellous transept or grazed down that extraordinary nave without thinking with a pang on the probability of a coming day when the glorious vision is to dissolve,—when this prodigious manifestation of the results of thought, genius, industry, and science is to be resolved into its separate elements, never to be again united in the same mighty and marvellous whole. The world once possessed of an Encyclopædia of knowledge like this,—who can bear to think that the volume shall ever be closed, and its pages scattered to the distant corners of the earth. We never have, from the first, regarded this collection merely as a bazaar of all nations. We repeat, it is the first University in the large and full meaning of the word that the world has had :—of which Universities like Oxford and Cambridge look merely like affiliated colleges.—But, what is to be done? Why not this? We will take for granted, at the moment, that the Royal Commissioners before laying down the temporary offices which they were appointed by the Queen to discharge will purchase the Crystal Palace in the name of the English people. Should it then be announced to all the present exhibitors in the first instance that such of them as have fitted up stalls or obtained spaces may retain them for, say a year, on the condition of keeping them filled with their present or other contributions of the same high class of excellence,—we think it probable that a great majority of the most useful and beautiful articles would be left on such terms. The workers in silk, wool, worsted, gold, silver, iron and copper, mahogany and other woods—the makers of musical and scientific instruments, watches, chronometers, carriages, agricultural machines and fountains—the producers of flowers and plants—decorators and stained-glass makers—sculptors and carvers in wood and ivory—printers and hand-workers of most kinds, would in all probability be glad to have such a universal and permanent exhibition-room for their wares, works and discoveries. Many things of mere curiosity and rarity would no doubt be removed :—but the absence of the Koh-i-noor, the Spanish jewels, the Indian diamonds and similar articles, if it should be proved to lessen the mere splendour of the Exhibition, would not materially detract either from its moral interest or its practical usefulness. The earnest seeker after knowledge is more attracted by a collection of minerals and metallic ores than by the Russian or the Portuguese diamond valued at millions.

Specimens of the jewellery which borrow their highest value from the genius of the artist would probably be left as examples and advertisements. We do not doubt that it would be worth the while of our most eminent goldsmiths to maintain a showroom in the Great Exhibition to be from time to time supplied with whatever is new and excellent in their current manufactures. The same may be surmised of our great drapery and silk mercers. What artist would not be glad to have a certain space assigned to him on the walls of the National Gallery on the easy condition of always having a picture hung there? In the Crystal Palace the artist and the artisan in silk, cotton, wool, metal, and so forth, might, under some such arrangement as we are proposing, obtain their National Gallery and Academy. Even in the series of costly and complicated machines in motion, we imagine that not a few of the most beautiful and interesting would be willingly allowed to remain. Most of these machines, we believe, are made in model. They cannot be sold or used in actual factories. If taken away, they will either be broken up or

buried in local museums. Their proprietors would naturally prefer that they should remain as their advertisements and representatives in the great centre of observation. There is plenty of room, besides, for a winter garden. Indeed, the place is a garden even now:—and its beauties in that respect would increase with every year. The contributions of industry leave plenty of space for trees and shrubs and flowers. The elm and the palm tree here grow side by side:—and there will be room abundant for exotic plant and indigenous parterre. The works of mind and the works of nature already blend here with a harmony of tints and tones beyond the power of imagination to have conceived. There never was an epic thought or an epic poem at once so vast and so full of beauty. The infinite multiplication of the Varieties have produced the first great Unity.—The place is even now all that the heart, the senses and the imagination can desire.

It affords us pleasure to see that the suggestion for turning the Exhibition to educational purposes is being taken up in various ways and in various quarters. Professor Cowper has been lecturing again to his pupils in the Building this week. Yesterday Professor Ansted commenced a course of eight lectures in explanation of the mining processes, mineral products, and mineral manufactures forwarded for exhibition from various parts of the world. These discourses commence at nine o'clock in the morning—an hour before the general visitors are admitted,—and an additional charge is made to hear them. At Oxford a series of lectures have been delivered during the past week, in the different departments of science, preparatory to a general visit of the students of that University to the Exhibition,—which visit is announced to take place to-day.

Among those who have become most familiar with the various aspects of the Palace of Industry, and who are most alive to its immense moral importance, there is a strong desire that the occasion should be marked by some public and honourable act which might grow up into a permanent institution, and become the outward historical monument of the year eighteen hundred and fifty-one. An Order of Merit has long been talked about. The idea was first started by the Queen's grandfather:—but troubles of State caused the scheme to be postponed. War, indifference, and want of fitting occasion have since served to defer its revival. The present year seems especially fitted for its birth. The world is at peace. Hostility to intellectual and scientific claims is silenced before the majestic figure which they here assume. In a few weeks Merit will have its second field-day in the Crystal Palace, and royalty will decorate the most eminent contributors. Why not go a step further? Why not enrol the most eminent of the eminent among the contributors to this industrial collection into a permanent Order of Merit, conceived on a scale sufficiently large to admit the highest merit of every kind—literary, artistic, professional, and scientific? An order combining "all the talents" would probably be an object of honourable desire to those who have grown grey in intellectual service, while it would act as a powerful and chastening incentive to the ambition of the young. The mixture of merit would, at all events, prevent the honour awarded from being considered as a mere class distinction. What say our readers to the Order of the Palace of Glass:—the true Golden Fleece of the working minds of England?

Among the minor features of the Exhibition which help to make its strange mysterious beauty come in at every sense, we may mention the musical performances. Some of the exhibitors employ persons there to play at intervals during the day,—others send in competent players only occasionally. The latter is especially the case with the organs:—as the whole beauty and power of these instruments can be brought out only by skilful performers. The proprietors of these instruments, we observe, are beginning to advertise the days and hours when they will be played. In a word, the whole Exhibition seems to be systematizing itself rapidly.

ANIMAL SUBSTANCES USED IN MANUFACTURES, EXHIBITED IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

On the British side of the Palace of Glass there is a kind of arrangement by which British articles may be found under every one of the thirty classes into which the things exhibited are divided,—but it is very difficult to find the things belonging to these classes in the Colonies, India, China, Greece, France, or the other countries of the world. We have to pick our way as we can in endeavouring to bring before our readers features of the Exhibition interesting to them and to us, which are made visible neither by the arrangements of the Executive Committee nor as yet in the Catalogue of the Messrs. Spicer & Clowes.

Those who have gone round the gallery under the transept may have perhaps observed, near to Gray's organ, an upright uninteresting-looking case labelled "Imports from Hull"; while separated from this by a few cases—one remarkable for a model of Gulliver bound hand and foot by his Lilliputian conquerors—is another labelled "Imports from Liverpool." In these two cases—of which the Liverpool one is fitted up with by far the best taste,—we have an epitome of the materials of much of the industry of our country. What is there that we use extensively in the working of our machines, in the weaving and dyeing of fabrics, in the making of furniture, cabinets, and a thousand convenient articles which even the ingenuity of Dr. Playfair cannot arrange—and which in his reports and lists go under the name "Miscellaneous"—not grown in this country, that is not to be found in these imports of Hull and Liverpool? It was a happy decision of the Executive Committee to allow the exhibition of raw materials. If nothing new of this kind is exhibited, it is most instructive to have under the same roof the manufactured article and the stuff from which it was made—the cotton pod and the calico and muslin—the hempen fibre and the ship's cable and sails,—the elephant's tusk and the marvellous Indian carvings in ivory—the iron ore and the Sheffield blades. To us, these raw materials, ranged side by side just as they were picked from the lap of nature, are full of interest. That "Greek Slave" now so suggestive of life and beauty, was once a block of marble—the "Amazon" was once metallic ore—those strings that utter delicious music were parts of a living animal—the materials of those silken fabrics were all spun by caterpillars,—the pearls on that diadem were formed by a shell-fish—those colours that dazzle on the fabrics of India and China are the produce of very humble plants. The distance between the raw material and the perfected work is the measure of the conquest of man over the external world,—the record of that victory which the Crystal Palace first celebrates for the whole human family.

To return to the imports of Liverpool and Hull.—We will first glance at the substances supplied from the animal kingdom;—as being more limited in their extent than those of the vegetable world. So limited is our general knowledge of the materials used in arts and manufactures, that we apprehend it might be easily imagined that dead animals are of little use except for their flesh as food. The Liverpool case, in a series of specimens of the skins and furs of various species of animals belonging to the carnivorous and rodent tribes, indicates the value of this part of the animal for warm clothing. When the entire skin is not adapted for use, its constituents are valuable. Here are wools from the sheep, the llama and the alpaca,—hairs from the horse, the ox and the rabbit,—imported from the East and West Indies, the old and new worlds, and used for weaving, and felting, and stuffing, beds, chairs, sofas and pillows. Not a particle of hair that grows on the back or in the tail of an animal that has not its uses in the arts. The bundles of bristles in the Hull case brought from Germany and other parts of Europe at once suggest that all the most valuable forms of brushes, for whatever purposes used, are made of the same materials. On the Pampas of America the wild horse spreads his mane and tail to the winds, and dashes fearlessly across the plains:—these creatures now constitute one of

the great sources of the supply of horse-hair to Europe.

Skins deprived of their hair are still useful. The foot of the European is protected by the leather that is formed from the hides of the wild oxen of America. The skins of small animals are imported into Liverpool from all parts of the world, to be used in the processes of ornamental leather work. Should the skin not be good enough for leather, it may be boiled down and made into glue. The glue may be purified and made to assume the character of pure gelatin. From almost all kinds of animal matter gelatin may be obtained:—and we may mention that, amongst animal substances used in manufactures it has received in Class IV, the most extensive illustration. The case consisting of preparations of isinglass, which is but another form of gelatin, not only affords fine specimens of this material, but indicates other uses for this substance in the arts besides those to which it is now applied.

From the skins of animals, we turn to the produce of their bodies. Here are horse grease from Buenos Ayres—stearine from the whale—lard from America,—seal oil from Newfoundland. These are only a few of the sources from whence are obtained that most necessary material of all our manufacturing industry—oil for diminishing the friction of machinery. Without this agent, the ceaseless movement of the wheels that are spinning fabrics, beating metals, moving ships, and transporting human beings from one place to another, could not be maintained. The demand for oil for our machinery has given rise to the whale fisheries of the North and South Seas,—led to commercial exchanges with the inhabitants of the coast of Africa,—and is even now doing naturally more for the civilization of that country than can ever be effected by the best devised artificial schemes of the philanthropists. We learn also from these Liverpool imports that the better kinds of fat are divided into their two great constituents—fluid oil and stearine: the former being used for burning in lamps,—the latter, being solid, is converted into candles. In Class IV, also will be found some beautiful specimens of stearine, both in its pure state and as manufactured into candles. In its former condition, it has a fine white colour; and being easily cut, it has been carved into various artistic forms having the appearance of the whitest marble. The consumption of all fatty matters in the formation of soap is also very large in this country.—While on the subject of these animal products, we cannot but draw attention to the specimens of spermaceti—a fatty matter found in the whale—in the south gallery,—and more particularly to the gigantic specimens exhibited by Mr. Miller on the floor of the west nave.

Amongst the animal products used in the arts, and brought into our ports from all parts of the world, are the horns of the deer, the buffalo, and the ox. The first are extensively employed in the manufacture of the handles of knives:—and a thousand articles of use and ornament are to be found in various parts of the building carved from the same materials. Combs, knife-handles, the parts of philosophical and musical instruments, the handles of umbrellas and sticks are manufactured from the horns of the buffalo and the ox.

Under the south gallery will be found amongst the minerals a very fine collection of the tusks of elephants. These are brought from Africa and Asia:—and whatsoever may be seen of ivory work in the building is derived from the rude tusks of these gigantic animals.

In the Liverpool case we meet with materials which would hardly save under this law of classification have appeared in the Exhibition. It might be supposed that however useful were the skin, the fat and the carcase of animals,—the bones at least were of no value. Not so. The bones of animals contain the same constituents as the bones of human beings,—and they nourish the plants from whence man derives the materials of his growth. Thus, the bones of horses, oxen and other animals are imported from all parts of the world to be used as manure by our farmers. It is also for this purpose that the various kinds of guano

are imported from America and Africa :—and these form a distinguishing feature of the Liverpool imports. The ingredient which all these substances contain is, the phosphate of lime. The bones of animals are also largely employed in the manufacture of buttons, and for the handles of knives, the fittings of instruments, and various other purposes.

These are but a few of the materials derived from the higher forms of animals and which contribute so abundantly to the beauty and interest of the Great Exhibition. We can only mention as additional articles of import, the feathers of birds, swan's skin, and swan's down, the shell of the tortoise, the sound of the sturgeon (isinglass), the teeth of the hippopotamus, quills from the porcupine, and the various forms of whalebone.

The lower or invertebrate animals, though not so generally useful, yet yield products of considerable value. If we doubt this, we need but cast our eyes over the silken fabrics, and the articles into which silk enters as an ingredient, to be at once assured of the importance of the silkworm to man. This humble co-operator with man, the caterpillar of a moth, is spinning its cocoons in almost every part of the world. The raw silk is brought from China, the East Indies, and Italy, to supply the manufactures of Great Britain. Although dependent on foreign countries for silk, and paying about two millions of pounds annually for it,—the specimens of silk in the south gallery exhibited by Mrs. Dodge of Godalming show that the creature which produces that article may be reared in this country, and may yet become a source of wealth to our labouring classes. Guernsey, too, has sent specimens of silk produced in that island.

Next to the silkworms amongst the insect tribes, come the bees. These useful little creatures have, our readers already know, been highly honoured by the Executive Committee. Of all the animal workers that contribute to the interest of the Exhibition, they alone are allowed to display here their executive skill. By arranging Mr. Nutt's glass hives in the inside of the building at the back of the great organ in the transept and allowing the bees to come in from without, the whole mystery of honey and wax making is shown. In the South Gallery are numerous specimens of the comb and honey of the bee. In the Liverpool imports it will be seen that bees make wax in all parts of the world,—and Asia, Africa, America and Europe send to us this article of use. Not very obvious are its uses ;—but as we go on from case to case in the Exhibition, we shall see that its value is great. The most beautiful of the specimens of artificial flowers on the east side of the North Gallery are made of wax; and in both the British and the Foreign departments the wax figures—whether for ornament or for amusement—are very numerous.

Amongst the lower animals, the shell-fish contribute many important materials. The nautilus in the interior of many is used for making artificial pearls. The handles of knives and the pearl-work of cabinet-making—such as is seen in the specimens of mother-of-pearl working in Class XXVIII., in the North Gallery—are the results of the working up of the shell of various species of mollusc. The pearl itself is formed in the interior of a bivalve shell. Conch shells are used for cameos and porcelain. Upwards of three hundred tons of cowries are imported annually into Liverpool for the purposes of re-exportation as money to the coasts of Africa.

But we must stop.—We cannot dwell on cochineal, blistering flies, sponge, coral, and other products of the lower animals which are exhibited,—and contribute in various ways to the grand result presented by the spectacle of the Glass Palace.

GLASS.

The injurious effects of restrictive duties and of Excise supervision have been shown in a very striking manner in our glass manufacture. When a piece of glass could not be moved from the furnace, even if returned to it again, without payment of a duty, and under the eye of an exciseman,—there was small inducement for any man to try an expe-

periment. The result of this was, that England was behind all Europe in her glass manufacture, though possessing the purest and best materials for the purpose. The sands of Allum Bay in the Isle of Wight, of Lynn, of Aylesbury, and of many other spots are as purely siliceous as could be desired. Our chemists can prepare the purest alkalis,—yet we made bad glass. It is but a few years since the hindrances have been removed, and the result has been most satisfactory :—as is proved by the glass now adorning the Building in Hyde Park.

Whether we regard the sheet glass in the building itself, the flint glass, or crystal, in Osler's fountain, the plate glass in the Spital Fields' trophy, or the various ornamental and useful works in Class XXIV.,—we have evidence of a considerable improvement in a manufacture in which we had for a long period made no advances. In some departments we are even now behind, although our manufacturers are making great progress. Our optical glass is still defective; and the Trinity Board are compelled to procure their dioptric apparatus for lighthouses from France, because our glass-makers cannot equal the lenses made in Paris. In the nave are two of these lighthouse arrangements :—beautiful combinations adopted under the direction of science for the purposes of humanity. One is manufactured in Birmingham,—the other is French. In these we have exemplified our deficiencies :—and learning these—one of the great gains of the Exhibition—we hope to witness a speedy improvement.

Messrs. Chance Brothers exhibit some fine specimens of optical glass. They are not yet ground and polished,—but judging from their present condition they appear to be of considerable purity. Some sand from the Wenham Lake is exhibited, and several specimens of flint glass made from it. These are peculiarly colourless :—and if this be due entirely to the quality of the sand, it must certainly prove of great value to the glass-maker.

Messrs. Apsley Pellatt & Co. have some very interesting revivals of the old Venetian styles of manufacture,—particularly the gilded glass; and in addition to their examples of pressed and cut glass, they have in one of their chandeliers certainly produced some very fine specimens of prisms, beautiful in colour and very free from specks or striation.

The Bohemian glass has been long celebrated for its hardness and the beauty of the colours imparted to it. Many examples of Bohemian glass of superior excellence are to be found in the Foreign Department of this Exhibition :—but we conceive that many of the colours produced by Messrs. Powell & Sons, of Whitefriars, are equal to the best Continental specimens.

Messrs. Osler, in their great fountain, have certainly produced a very fine variety of flint glass,—containing, we presume, from its high refracting powers, a great quantity of lead :—and in the candelabra made for Her Majesty we have an equally colourless and pellucid glass. The other examples from these works prove the attention that is now paid to the manufacture of a material which rivals the choicest of Nature's gems. In chemical glass—glass which will stand a high temperature without suffering fusion, and bear without cracking moderate changes of temperature—we are still deficient. Bohemia and different manufactures in Germany yet supply the English market.—Our plate glass is superior to any other. We are not disposed to regard the large plate at the western end of the building as the choicest example,—nor do we consider that in the Console glass and table about the centre of the main avenue as particularly perfect; but some of the examples in the furniture department, others in the gallery, and those in the Trophy are of the finest manufacture. The patent rough plate glass of Messrs. Hartley, of Sunderland, intended for the ridge and furrow roofing, may be regarded as leading to a new system of architecture; which we trust will extend, and secure to our dwellings the advantage of all the light which in this insular climate we can hope to enjoy.—There are other matters in our glass manufacture to which we may return.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Egypt, May 9.

ALTHOUGH it is well known that antiquarian researches might still be prosecuted with great success in Egypt, very few excavations have of late been undertaken. Many reasons conspire to produce and justify inactivity :—amongst the chief of which is the fear that anything that might be discovered, unless capable of being removed entire, would be subject at once to destruction, or at least disfigurement. The remains of the large temple recently uncovered, under the auspices of the French, at Sakkara, were much injured before the excavator, whose intention merely was to take drawings, had time to effect his purpose, and re-bury the ruins.

It is difficult to account for these mutilations,—generally performed by the Arabs of the neighbourhood. They do not certainly arise from a love of wanton destruction; but probably are the result of mingled motives of superstition and self-interest, developing themselves under circumstances which we can scarcely comprehend. A very curious collection might be made of the ideas of the Egyptians respecting the ancient monuments of their land. They look on them as the work of Spirits and Powers that existed countless ages ago,—before the time of Suleiman Ibn Daoud; and believe in wonderful stories of their edification and overthrow. Whilst antiquaries labour to explain how stones of such vast magnitude were exalted to their positions in temple and pyramid, the Arabs give credence to the efficacy of a Magic Wood; and this notion of theirs, that ought but supernatural agency could have produced buildings so stupendous, conveys perhaps better than any elaborate description an idea of their grandeur. In some cases, it is supposed that the influence of the genii still continues :—and superstition defends whilst it would otherwise suggest destruction. The whole country is studded with places where hidden treasures are asserted to lie; but nobody meddles with them, for guardian spirits hover round, and would strike with death or madness whoever should attempt unpurified to disturb the wealth of the accursed dynasties of old. Now and then, it is true, discoveries are accidentally made; but Government undertakes to make up for the forbearance of the devils, and the assertion of the rights of lord of the manor brings sufficient evils on the unfortunate treasure-finder. As is well known, Europeans are believed to be often actuated by a desire to discover buried gold in their visits to the ruins, and this is one reason why they are so seldom allowed to go thither alone. I have more than once had pointed out to me the locality of a Kiz (for so these supposed repositories of wealth are termed); but circumstances have never rendered it convenient to make excavations, although these vague reports sometimes have turned out correct.

Fear seems to be more powerful than cupidity in nine cases out of ten. Occasionally, however, instances occur in which the terrors of the supernatural world are set at naught. Not very long ago, three Levantine young men of Alexandria became acquainted with a Maghrebbi, or Man from the West—over the land of mystery to the Egyptian—as is the East to us. Their talk often fell on the subject of money,—what subject so agreeable to them!—and it was not long before they touched on hidden treasures. The Maghrebbi affected to speak with some contempt of the paltry pots of gold that occupied the imaginations of the Arabs; and was brought at last to confess that he possessed a magical secret by which he could bestow incalculable riches on others, though not on himself. The needy youths jumped at the idea; and professed themselves willing to encounter any reasonable amount of Divine wrath, in order to become very wealthy, roll about in their carriages, and emulate the consuls and the great merchants. Terms being agreed on, they set to work in the following manner.—A house was taken in a retired quarter; and to this ninety *balasses*, or large earthen jars, destined to contain the gold, were removed. All that was necessary was, to remain forty days and forty nights shut

up in the principal room of this house, living on meagre fare, whilst at stated intervals the Maghrebbi was to burn perfumes and perform incantations. He stipulated for an advance of 3,000 piastres, in order to entertain the poor attached to a certain mosque in Cairo; and was to receive the moderate sum of 10,000 more piastres (100*l.*) when the balasses were filled with gold. Well, the forty days were passed in the manner prescribed; and the youths were at length told to go down and look at their treasure. They repaired to the lower rooms,—and sure enough, beheld the jars brimming over with strange looking coins. As may easily be imagined, they embraced each other for joy; and when the Maghrebbi modestly claimed his 10,000 piastres, bade him take one, two, any number of the jars. But he said he was strictly forbidden to handle this gold under penalty of losing his power, or to take more than he had asked. The youths therefore went forth to raise the money; and not finding the matter very easy, were fain to reveal the truth to a Levantine merchant, who agreed to make the necessary advance on condition of being admitted as a partner. He went to the house,—and looking at the balasses, burst out laughing, and declared them to be empty. But the youths still persisted that they were full,—remaining under the influence of an extraordinary hallucination:—and the Maghrebbi became clamorous for his money. A quarrel ensued,—the matter got abroad,—and the whole party were carried off to prison. It is probable that the Wise Man of the West will find himself in a scrape,—as the families of the young men declare that he has burned drugs, used incantations, and prescribed a diet and mode of life calculated purposely to produce insanity. He is generally believed to be a very powerful magician, who really discovered the gold by means of the faith of these poor young men; and removed it all whilst they went away to fetch his reward, leaving behind only its phantasm visible solely to his three dupes.

As I have above observed, the great objection the natives have always had to Europeans visiting ruins in the East is, the fear that they come to discover and carry away the hidden treasures; though of what use they can be, buried in the bowels of the earth, and what detriment can arise from their removal, it is difficult to understand. Antiques, even the rudest and most worthless as to material, are by many considered as talismans. The prohibition that has so long existed on the exportation of antiquities may be said to have given universal satisfaction,—except to such as were actually engaged in the sale of those articles; and it is possible that the population dreams of a day to come when it will be lawful and safe for them to rifle the magic treasures which they everywhere believe to abound.

This leads me to mention, that a great exception to the prohibition on export has been very liberally made by the Egyptian Government to Dr. Abbott in the case of his Museum. It was anticipated by some that the plan which I mentioned a little time ago of transporting it to England or America would be frustrated by a rigid adherence to the rule laid down: however, on its being properly represented that a British subject had been engaged some twenty years, and had expended a large sum, in getting together an unique collection, and that all his time and money would be thrown away if he were unable to remove it from Cairo,—Abbas Pasha, with a promptitude which I cheerfully record, granted the required permission; and a portion of the Museum, which will fill, I learn, in all above a hundred enormous cases, is already on its way to England. I remember some years ago being particularly struck with the order and richness of this well-known collection. Since that time the new discoveries in the neighbourhood of Sakkara and Gizeh, as well as communications from the upper country, have enabled the indefatigable Doctor to make very extensive additions; so that though I am ashamed to say I envy our American brethren the possible possession of such a treasure, I confess I would rather hear of its being waylaid and stopped in England. Indeed, there appears to be some hope that this may prove to be the case.

There is no other news stirring here likely much to interest your readers. Many will have heard,

however, of the Mosque erected in the citadel of Cairo by him who is still called the Great Pasha. Though not remarkable for vastness of design or elegance of execution, this building, placed as it is in a magnificent position, with an enormous dome, and two tall minarets about three hundred feet high, crowns the City of Victory in a very imposing manner, and salutes the eye of the traveller from Bedreshen to the Barrage. It contains the tomb of Mohammed Ali, who (probably from the marked failure of his reasoning faculties towards the end of his life) died in the odour of sanctity, and is now considered as a Sheikh. Men of power often degenerate into saints after their death. In this case great honour still continues to be paid to the memory of the great man. The Sultan, Abdel-Mejid himself, is said to have composed with his own mind and written with his own hand the inscriptions that are to adorn the tomb. At any rate, he has just sent them, magnificently carved, to be put up in their proper position. They arrived in Cairo the other day; and being placed in carriages and concealed with crimson drapery,—guarded by soldiers and attended by great men and officials, welcomed with volleys of artillery and respectfully received by His Highness the present Viceroy,—were safely deposited in the Citadel.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The Ragged School system—an admirable system with an absurd and offensive name—grows apace in the metropolis,—especially since its friends adopted as a part of it the industrial training which we so long and earnestly advocated as its necessary adjunct. During the past year seven new schools have been opened and more than eleven hundred new scholars appear on the books of the society. The industrial school has obtained the aid of thirteen additional unpaid teachers and provision for nearly three hundred more pupils. Than the task to which these unpaid teachers have devoted their leisure hours we know of nothing more praiseworthy. Whether the meed of honour fall to them or not, these men are the true workers in the cause of humanity and civilization,—because they are working at the well-heads. If the world shall prove to be better in the future than it has been in the past, the poor less vicious, the streets less filled with crime, police and armies less needed for the preservation of order, it will be to men like these and to work like theirs that the amelioration will be mainly traceable. The total number of schools belonging to the Union is at the present time 102; of Sunday scholars, 10,861; of week-day scholars, 6,021; of evening scholars, 5,572; attending the industrial schools, 2,062; paid teachers, 180. During the year 3 girls and 81 boys have been enabled to emigrate by the mutual efforts of the Union and local schools, making a total, up to the present time, of 307 young persons rescued from crime to honest industry. These are results which must encourage to renewed efforts. That the public appreciate the exertions of the committee, is seen in the fact of their being able to show a good and sufficient subscription list. For the past year the expenditure of the Society amounted to 3,076*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*, the receipts to 3,287*l.* 11*s.* 11*d.*, leaving a balance on the year of 210*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* in favour of the Society. The accounts received from the young emigrants continue on the whole very promising. Some of the children so provided for have remitted small sums of money to their parents in England; and the boys sent from the Grotto Passage Schools have already repaid the whole amount of the money advanced to them for the outfit and voyage.

Lord Rosse gave his second *Soirée* as President of the Royal Society on Saturday last. On no previous occasion of the kind do we remember seeing so many eminent scientific men assembled. The noble President's hospitality has been extended to the *savans* of foreign countries,—and they numbered strongly at this scientific *réunion*.

It will be interesting to our readers to be told that Mr. Gould's collection of humming birds, of which we gave our readers some account in our recent notice (*ante*, p. 431) of the Zoological Gardens—and which has been long known to scientific men as of surpassing beauty—has now been arranged

in the new room built for their reception by the Society,—and may be seen by the visitors to the gardens. The collection has been lent to the Society by Mr. Gould,—and forms a new and charming feature in this place of many attractions. We are not sure that we shall not be tempted to enter into a more detailed description of this beautiful display.

We are sorry to find it stated in the *Liverpool Mercury* that the Common Council of that town, by a majority of twenty-one to eighteen, have repudiated the bargain which they made some time ago with the proprietors of the Royal Institution for the transfer of that building and its valuable contents to the burgesses of Liverpool. As we have before explained, the condition on which the Committee of the Royal Institution agreed to transfer their property to the corporation was, that a sum of not less than 700*l.* a-year should be expended in the maintenance of the existing departments of the Institution, irrespective of the amount to be devoted to the establishment and maintenance of a free public library in connexion with it. The Council, at a recent meeting, directed that the 700*l.* should be applied, not to the support of the museum alone, but also to the establishment of a free library and the expenses of the botanic garden. The stipulation made by the proprietors of the Royal Institution for the expenditure of this sum of money on the museum was made solely with the view of its being kept in its present state of efficiency; and now, they properly demur at a departure from the principal condition on which they agreed to part with their property for the public benefit. On Monday, a resolution was proposed to the Council in strict conformity with the arrangement assented to in the first instance,—but was rejected:—"and with it," says the local journal, "falls to the ground the scheme by which it was intended to provide for the people of this great town the means of rational amusement and intellectual enjoyment at a trifling expenditure of the public money."—We must say, that the corporation of Liverpool—perhaps after that of London the richest in the world—comes very poorly out of this negotiation. It is altogether unreasonable in them to expect that the proprietors of the Royal Institution should give up their valuable collection without obtaining proper guarantees that it will be maintained in at least its present state of completeness.

The British Beneficent Institution, founded for the purpose of allowing 30*l.* a-year to the widows and unmarried daughters of naval and military officers, artists, men of letters, barristers, bankers, clergymen, and other of the higher classes whose misfortunes have overtaken in their old age, continues to receive an amount of support which enables it to minister to a few isolated cases of distress;—but not, of course, sufficient to enable it to relieve a tithe of the well-established and most painful reverses of fortune which come under the notice of its committee. The receipts for the year amount to 1,045*l.*

The Academy of Sciences in Paris has elected two new corresponding members. M. Moquin-Tandon, of Toulouse, replaces the late M. Link in the Botanical section; and Mr. Bond, the well-known Professor of Cambridge University in the United States, fills up the vacancy in the Astronomical section occasioned by the death of M. Svanberg.

The house, in Berlin, wherein dwelt the celebrated philosopher Moses Mendelssohn, has been purchased by the Hebrew community of that city, for the purpose of founding therein, with the approbation of the Government, a school in which poor orphans may, without distinction of religion, be taught some means of earning their bread.—The fact is worth putting on record at this time, as a hint to certain enlightened legislators in the British Houses of Parliament.

The Catalogue of the five hundred and twenty-first Leipzig book fair, held in the Easter of this year, presents a variety of some importance on the five hundred and twenty Catalogues which have preceded it. The books are classed not only alphabetically according to the authors' names, but also systematically in the order of the subjects.—According to this Catalogue, the number of books printed

in German accounts for more than one-half of the total. We are not aware of any other country where the number of books printed exceeds that of Germany. The highly educated and cultivated people of that country are not only the largest consumers of books, but also the largest producers. At the police office, the London and Strand, the present leading term, the number of books printed in the year 1850, was 15,000. In the year 1851, the number of books printed in the year 1851, was 15,000. In the year 1852, the number of books printed in the year 1852, was 15,000. In the year 1853, the number of books printed in the year 1853, was 15,000. In the year 1854, the number of books printed in the year 1854, was 15,000. In the year 1855, the number of books printed in the year 1855, was 15,000. In the year 1856, the number of books printed in the year 1856, was 15,000. In the year 1857, the number of books printed in the year 1857, was 15,000. 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in Germany in the six months since the last fair amounts to 3,684,—and 1,136 more are in the press.

We are obliged unwillingly to postpone an account of some recent autograph sales of importance,—including the sale at Sotheby's of Mr. Wilks's well-known collection. We shall, however, make good our arrear in this matter next week. In the mean time, we may mention that the highly interesting letters from Shelley to his wife were bought in by Sir Percy Shelley,—that the letters from Shelley to Godwin, Graham, &c., were bought for publication by Mr. Moxon,—and that the larger and better portion of the Byron books and poetry was bought by Mr. Murray, of Albemarle Street.

At the eleventh hour, and on a very small scale, the police authorities have undertaken to do something towards simplifying the vast labyrinth of London streets, on behalf of the many provincials and strangers who may be within our gates during the present summer. At a few of the points where leading roads commence or intersect each other, the terminating point of each line of route has been painted at the corner beneath the particular name of the thoroughfare. For example, at the old end of High Street, Bloomsbury, where it communicates with St. Giles's, we read,—'Broad Street, leading to Charing Cross,' on the left-hand side,—'Broad Street, leading to Piccadilly,' on the right. So far as it goes, this is a real improvement,—and one that has been long required. If similar notifications were extended to the whole metropolis, it would be of use, not only to the foreigner who visits us for a week, the provincial who spends with us a month every year, and the recent settler in the great city, but even to those who are "to the manner born." No man does, or can, know London in all its details. What does the resident at the West End know of the crowded streets, courts, lanes, and alleys east of the East India House? How many dwellers in St. John's Wood could find their way unaided about Bernersley and Lock's Fields? Is there a man in London who having ventured beyond his usual beat, has not found himself false in his reckoning? What memory can be found equal to the remembrance of all the names, affluents, bearings, and geographical positions of twenty thousand streets? The chus and turns and windings of London might make the study of a life-time. Each year that passes, adding its 60,000 souls to the population and 15,000 to the number of houses, makes the evil greater. If the statesmen of Elizabeth found London too large to feed and govern in their day, what would they think of the London of 1851? Sooner or later, a change of nomenclature, an improvement of system, must take place in regard to the registry of streets; and it might be effected now that attention is forcibly directed to the subject as well as hereafter. A great simplification might be obtained quickly, quietly, and at a slight expense, with little alteration of the present plan, merely by adopting a more minute notation. For instance, we would suggest that instead of a single name being painted up at the end of each street, as at present, the entire topography of the street should be indicated, with the streets which empty into it on either side, those which cross it, and that in which it terminates. All this could be easily and briefly expressed. Take Bond Street:—at the Oxford Street end of this thoroughfare we would have some such inscription as the following:—

NEW BOND STREET.—OLD BOND STREET.
BROOK STREET.
GROSVENOR STREET.
BAUTON STREET. CONDUI STREET.
CLIFFORD STREET.
GRAFTON STREET. BURLINGTON GARDENS.
PICCADILLY.

At the Piccadilly end of the street, the same indication would appear in the reverse order. The advantages of such a system to all persons, native or stranger, in finding their way about the streets of London are too obvious to need pointing out. To assist the same object at night, we would suggest—enlarging on a hint formerly thrown out—that on the lamps which stand at the corners of thoroughfares there might be painted the number of

the house opposite to which it stands, and the name of the street opening into it at that point, with the addition of that of the thoroughfare to which it leads: thus—"Oxford Street (000)—Bond Street—Piccadilly." How much of the time of the dwellers in cities would be saved by the perfection of such arrangements as these!—This week, the Police Commissioners have published a list of cab-fares—very inaccurate by the way—from the Exhibition Palace to the clubs, theatres and other places of resort in the metropolis; and have issued some stringent bye-laws with a view to check the tendency to abuse and extortion which peculiarly characterizes the London Cabman. In a few days the list will be corrected of its errors,—and then it will doubtless be a considerable protection to the public. But the fares are all calculated from one centre,—and that only a temporary centre. The cab-system needs an entire reform; and we think it would not be impossible to devise some means for checking the abuses of which so many complaints are made. These things are managed much better in Paris and in Berlin. In the main streets, if nowhere else, the mileage might be marked. The difficulty is to find a proper centre:—the Bank, the Post Office or Charing Cross? But why not have several centres? Charing Cross for the west—the Post Office for the east—the Obelisk for the south. From these points the mileage might be marked on the lamp-posts, or at every street corner.—We throw out these hints for the consideration of those whom they may concern.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE. THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY IS NOW OPEN.—Admission (from Eight o'clock till seven). 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—THE FORTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 8, Pall Mall East, from Nine till Dusk.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d. GEORGE FRIPP, Secretary.

THE ORIGINAL DIORAMA. Recent's Park.—NOW EXHIBITING, Two highly interesting Pictures, each 70 feet broad and 50 feet high, representing MOUNT ETNA, in Sicily, during an Eruption; and the ROYAL CASTLE OF STOLZENFELS on the Rhine, with various effects. Admission to both Pictures only One Shilling.—Children under twelve years, half-price. Open from Ten till Six.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, 14, Regent Street.—The Diorama of the OVERLAND MAIL TO INDIA, exhibiting the following places, viz., Southampton, Bay of Biscay, Cintra, Tarifa, the Tagus, Gibraltar, Algiers, Malta, Alexandria, Cairo, Suez, the Red Sea, Aden, Ceylon, Madras, Calcutta, and the addition of the "Taj Mahal," the exterior by moonlight, the beautiful gateway, and the gorgeous interior, is NOW OPEN DAILY, at Twelve, Three and Eight.—Admission, 1s., 2s. 6d. and 3s. Doors open half-an-hour before each representation.

TOURISTS' GALLERY.—Mr. Charles Marshall's GRAND TOUR OF EUROPE, Great Moving Diorama, Large Hall, Leicester Square (Leicester Galleries).—A series of Pictures, in oil, visits to the most remarkable cities of Europe, the Scenery down the Danube to Constantinople.—Rome.—Venice.—Excursions through Switzerland over the Alps.—Napoleon's great work, the Tunnelled Gorge of Gondo, of the Simplon Pass.—The Bernese Alps and the sublime Mont Blanc.—Excursions down the picturesque Rhine and home.—The White Cliffs of Britain. Accompanied by historical and statistical descriptions.—Hours of Exhibition, at Twelve, Three, and Eight o'clock.—Admission, 1s. Reserved Seats, 2s.; Stalls, 3s.

The largest SACRED DIORAMA ever exhibited.—JERUSALEM and the HOLY LAND. The accuracy and beauty of this magnificent series of moving Pictures have been testified by Lord Lindsay, Author of 'Letters from the Holy Land'; as well as by many other eminent travellers who have visited Palestine. Painted under the direction of Mr. W. BEVELL, from actual Sketches by Mr. W. H. BARTLETT, Author of 'Walks about Jerusalem,' &c. Now Exhibiting Daily, with splendid Musical and Diorama Effects, at Twelve, Three, and Eight o'clock.—Admission, 1s.; Reserved Seats, 2s. 6d.

ST. GEORGE'S GALLERY, HYDE PARK CORNER. MR. ALBERT SMITH'S ENTERTAINMENT.—Mr. Albert Smith will give his new and popular Entertainment, "THE REVEREND MARY," illustrated by Mr. W. BEVELL, painted expressly, by Mr. W. BEVELL, at the Marylebone Literary and Scientific Institution, Edwards Street, Portman Square, on FRIDAY EVENING NEXT, May 20.—Doors open at Half-past Seven; commence at Eight o'clock.—Admission, Reserved Seats, 3s.; Unreserved, 2s.—Members of the Institution may obtain Tickets at half the above prices.

SCIENTIFIC

SOCIETIES.

ROYAL.—May 15.—The Earl of Rosse, President, in the chair.—A paper was read entitled 'Report of Observations made upon the Tidal Streams of the English Channel and the German Ocean,' by Capt. Beechey.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—April 28.—The President, Capt. Smyth, R.N., in the chair.—C. Evans, Esq. was elected a Fellow.—The paper read was 'On the Geography of Southern Peru,' by W. Bollaert, Esq. The author, after having visited the mining

districts of Chilé, examined the coast of Concepcion for coal, explored the volcanic island of Juan Fernandez, and steered for Peru,—the wretched appearance of some parts of the coast of which, without a sign of vegetation or hope of rain, is perhaps compensated by its preservation of guano, nitrate of soda, and other saline bodies. Mr. Bollaert described Arica,—also the picturesque city of Arequipa, built of lava, and situate at the foot of its snow-clad volcano, determined by Mr. Pentland to be 18,300 feet above the level of the sea. The desert plains, with their vast tracks of moving semicircular sand-hills (*medanos*), sometimes overwhelming the traveller under their shifting masses, were described. A large portion of the communication was devoted to the examination of the province of Tarapaca. Mr. Bollaert described its rocky mountains, its mines of silver, its desert plains, offering to the thirsty traveller, instead of water, the *mirage*; and its extensive supplies of nitrate of soda, so useful to the manufacturer and agriculturist. He met with buried forests of fossil trees; and he mentioned the docile Llama and Alpaca, contrasted with the wild Vicuña and the roving Huanoaco of the mountains. Mr. Bollaert believed that the huge range of Lirima, in the Cordillera Real, will, on further investigation, prove to be the culminating point of the new world, at present supposed to be 24,000 to 25,000 feet above the sea. After having crossed the Abra de Pichuta, a lofty pass in the Andes, 15,000 feet high, Mr. Bollaert reached the volcano of Isaluga. From this, he directed his course southwest to the curious water volcanoes of Puchultia. The Indian town of Chiapa, 9,000 feet above the level of the ocean, lies at the foot of the beautiful mountain of Tata Jachura, 17,000 to 18,000 feet in height, which he, accompanied by his friend Mr. George Smith, successfully ascended, after encountering and overcoming severe obstacles. The paper concluded with Mr. Bollaert's tour from Cobija, in Bolivia, by the coast of the Desert of Atacama to Chilé, for the purpose of investigating the reported masses of meteoric iron (the *Atacama meteorite*); the route to which he gave from Copiapo,—whence he proceeded *via* Huasco and Coquimbo to Valparaiso.

Sir W. Parish, with respect to the meteoric iron alluded to from Atacama, said, the first specimens of that iron were sent by him to this country in 1826 or 1827, and occasioned much interest at the time, from the tradition of the Indian inhabitants of the country where they were found, that the mineral in question existed in a vein, and had been scattered over the adjoining plains by a volcanic explosion (*reventazon*)—a belief in which they still persist:—although men of science in Europe, from the analysis of the iron in question, maintain that it is of meteoric origin; the composition being identical with that of other known meteoric productions.

A number of specimens of the ores of California were laid before the Society for inspection, by General Walbridge and J. W. Wright, Esq., late member in Congress for that State. After a statement by the latter of these gentlemen respecting the general condition of the State, and more particularly its immense capabilities for the production of gold, silver, and quicksilver, Sir R. Murchison stated that Mr. Wright and General Walbridge had certainly brought to this country the most instructive as well as the richest collection of gold ore from California that he had seen,—and thanked the former gentleman for the clear manner in which he had explained how, from the higher parts of the auriferous zone, the boulders of quartz containing gold became smaller in size as the observer descended towards the low country, and finally passed into small gravel and gold dust in the lower tracts. Sir Roderick then gave a short sketch of what he believed to be the relations of the various rock masses composing the framework of the Sierra Nevada, and pointed out that the central and culminating ridge of granite was devoid of all ore. The chief and original matrix of the gold being unquestionably the quartz rock, which is in juxtaposition to the granite, and which rises higher on the sides of the chain than any of the slaty rocks with which it is associated, there-

could, he said, be no doubt that the immensely rich and vast accumulations of coarse drift, which were piled up like gigantic mole-hills on the slopes below the quartz, had all been derived by ancient convulsions and great former debacles from the auriferous veins in that rock. Whilst he admitted that the wealth of these vast heaps of ancient rubbish did, through the hacking down and trituration of the mountain side, afford a very copious supply of gold, which it would probably take many years to exhaust, he still retained his opinions, as expressed at various public meetings in the last two years, that the idea, now becoming prevalent in America, that the mining in the solid rock would be found more profitable than digging in the drift, would prove fallacious, and that on this point, the gold veins of California would prove to be similar to those of all other countries, in being richer toward the surface than when followed down to great depth.

GEOLOGICAL.—May 14.—W. Hopkins, Esq., President, in the chair.—L. J. Mackie, Esq., was elected a Fellow. The following communications were read:—

1. 'On the last great Denudation of the Rocks within and around the Weald of Sussex, Surrey, and Kent; and on the Distribution of the Chalk-flint Drift in which Fossil Mammalia are entombed,' by Sir R. I. Murchison.—After showing that the central mass of the Weald, consisting of Hastings sands and clays, is free from all superficial materials drifted from the other and surrounding formations, and also from all those extinct fossil mammalia which elsewhere are imbedded in them, the author indicates a zone of such drift on either side of the central nucleus, and chiefly covering portions of the lower greensand and Weald clay. In following the southern zone of this drift, from near Petersfield, on the west, where it consists of angular chalk-flints only, to the tract described by Mr. Martin around Pulborough, on the east, it becomes enriched by the addition of fragments of carstone or "clinkers" and chert of the lower greensand; and hence a transport from west to east is inferred. Capping low hills of greensand and Weald clay, wholly unstratified, or most irregularly so, and lying at very different levels, this drift occupies, on the whole, a general depression between the clean-denuded escarpment of lower chalk and upper green sand, on the one hand, and the forest or central ridge on the other. This drift and its associated loam and clay are identified by the author with superficial deposits on the sides of the valleys of the Arun, the Adur, the Ouse, and the Cuckmere, in most of which, as well as at different places to the north of the escarpment between Midhurst, on the west, and East Bourne, on the east, remains of the same fossil mammalia have been found in it. Assimilating also the above-mentioned flint-drift of the Weald to that of Lewes and Brighton, he argues that the breccia or "combe rock" of the latter place, described by Mantell, was produced by an anticlinal fracture of the chalk which shed off the debris southwards towards the sea, and northwards into the gorge at Lewes. Distinguishing between such rude accumulations of comparatively recent age and the older eocene tertiary deposits which occur on the higher parts of the chalk downs, he points out how the widespread accumulations, extending westwards from Brighton by Worthing to Chichester, have hitherto been mapped as plastic and London clays, which are in reality the broken-up strata only of that age mixed up with chalk-flints, for the most part angular. He considers all this compost to be precisely of the same age as the elephant-breccia at Brighton, to the animals of which, as enumerated by Mantell, he has added the *Rhinoceros tichorhinus*; and he believes that it was all formed in a time of considerable violence, and under the transitory influence of volumes of water which accompanied great former earthquakes or oscillations of the land. He contrasts the tumultuous and highly fragmentary condition of this drift, both within and without the chalk-escarpment, with the water-worn and completely rounded shingle and pebbles on which it rests at Brighton, and contends that, although belonging to the early portion of the

same epoch, as described by Mantell, the one bespeaks quiet, ordinary, long-continued marine action; the other a sudden terrestrial derangement, by which the quadrupeds of the neighbouring lands were swept into adjacent combs and hollows. In mentioning the presence of flint-gravel in the northern zone of the Weald, or at a little distance south of the escarpment of the North Downs, Sir Roderick announced that it caps many hillocks of the Weald clay between Red Hill and Ashford. In reference to an accumulation at Pease Marsh, near Guildford, noticed by Mr. Austen, and similar deposits, all more or less stratified, near Dorking, and on the ancient banks of the Mole or its affluents, he has not made up his mind as to whether they may not pertain to the earlier period in the epoch of the great mammalia; and, if so, they are terrestrial equivalents of the old shingle sea-beach at Brighton. Appealing, however, to a section at the terminus of the Dover railroad, beneath Shakspeare's Cliff, he sees in it a confirmation of his views concerning the manner in which the Brighton chalk had been shattered and its debris accumulated, whilst the inference has been rendered still more decisive, by Mr. Prestwich having found that at Sangatte, on the opposite coast of Calais, such fractured and tumultuous materials similarly cover a water-worn pebble-beach. Nor could he, when recently on the spot, separate from the detrital epoch in question, a very remarkable deposit of chalk-flints and rubble, loaded with fossil mammalia, which Mr. Mackie has observed at Folkestone, where, as in many other places previously cited, the bones have been preserved from atmospheric decomposition by a thick covering of impervious clay. These bones, belonging to elephant, hippopotamus, stag, ox, and hyæna, are all jumbled together, the very cavities of the bones being frequently filled with flints and other debris; the whole lying on the eroded surface of the lower greensand, at a height of upwards of 100 feet above the sea. Land shells are also found in the marls above them, but beneath a great thickness of clay.—In conclusion, Sir Roderick contends that whatever difficulty may exist in explaining correctly the *modus operandi* of the formation of the drift with animals, and however it may be ultimately found to be separable into an earlier and a later deposit (the one formed in a quiescent and the other in a turbulent manner), all the facts, whether positive or negative, discountenance the theory which has been applied to the Weald,—that its erosion and the forms of the escarpments are due to diurnal, tidal, marine action of former epochs. There is not a single rounded pebble or marine shell on the whole surface within the vast area of the Weald to indicate such action at any period. Still less is there evidence of any ancient glacial operations, such as those which characterize the drift of the more northern portions of these islands. Whether the waters which acted coincidentally with the last great disturbances and oscillations alluded to, proceeded from interior and freshwater sources, or were marine waves of translation, he conceives that the facts compel us to deny, that the denudation of the Weald could have been effected by the long-continued and ordinary wearing action of a sea, of which there is nowhere an animal or physical trace.

2. 'On a Deposit at Folkestone, containing Mammalian Bones,' by S. J. Mackie, Esq.—The author noticed that on the summit of the West Cliff at Folkestone there occurs a deposit 1–5 feet thick, consisting of flint and other pebbles, in general but slightly water-worn, intermixed with loamy sand and calcareous gritty marl, and containing in considerable quantity osseous remains of elephant, deer, ox, hyæna, and hippopotamus, accompanied by numerous specimens of two or three species of land-snail. With this "bone bed" the author considers that certain beds of brick earth and drift, exposed in various sections in the neighbourhood, and containing bones of ox, deer, wolf or dog, horse, and whale, together with land and freshwater shells, are more or less distinctly connected.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—May 8.—Capt. W. H. Smyth, V.P., in the chair.—Some bronze fibulae and other ancient personal ornaments, we believe, from Fairford, were exhibited; but they

presented no very remarkable features. Several important donations were made to the library:—and here we may mention that, in consequence of the rapid increase in the number of books, and of the fact that they are now circulated among the members in all parts of the empire, the Council has recently ordered a new Catalogue to be prepared and printed, which in the shortest and cheapest form shall correctly indicate each volume, so that every person, however remote, shall be able to ascertain whether any particular work can be procured. Communications from Sir H. Ellis and Mr. Akerman were read, on minute points connected with British history and British archaeology.

May 15.—J. P. Collier, Esq., V.P. in the chair.—Col. Sykes sent two objects for exhibition:—1. A large square silver plate on which were embossed figures of Michael the Archangel and the Devil, of early Byzantine workmanship.—2. Nine out of twelve roundels, or fruit-trenchers, on which certain well-drawn figures were represented, accompanied by appropriate English verses.—A second paper by Mr. Collier 'On Sir Walter Raleigh' was read. It contained much new and interesting matter connected with the life and character of that distinguished soldier, sailor, courtier, poet and historian, between the years 1585 and 1592,—and promised still more information as to the subsequent portion of his career. In his previous communication on the same subject the writer had pointed out various errors of more or less importance committed by all the biographers of Raleigh; and he now followed up the same course of reasoning and research by establishing that the Council of War (of which Raleigh was a member) for resisting the Spanish invasion had been not only appointed, but had actually drawn up a plan of defence for the kingdom some months before the date hitherto assigned,—and that Raleigh obtained the manor of Sherborne some time before the threatened Armada, not as a reward for his services on that occasion. It was also shown that the date of his patent for wine-licences had been entirely misrepresented; and that there was no sufficient ground for supposing that he was in disgrace with the Queen anterior to his intrigue with her maid of honour, Elizabeth Throckmorton. Some important illustrations of his public life were also afforded, in relation to his lord-lieutenancy of Cornwall and Devonshire,—and it was established that he had been Vice-admiral of those counties anterior to 1588.

STATISTICAL.—May 19.—The Rev. E. W. Edgell in the chair.—Mr. T. J. Brown read a paper 'On the National Debt and Revenues in proportion to the Population and Extent of Area of the various States of Europe.'—The data of this paper were obtained from the 'Almanac de Gotha,' a work by Oberhausen, Reden's 'Statistical Journal,' Ritter's 'Statistical Geography,' another by Richter, and the 'Conversations-Lexicon' published at Leipsic by Brockhausen. The total amount of debt borne by the fifty-eight European States was shown to be 1,753,278,127*l.*, of which the eight republics sustained three-twentieths and the monarchies the remaining seventeen-twentieths. Every geographical square mile in Europe is burthened with an average of 9,740*l.* of the public debt:—Hamburg sustaining the maximum of debt in proportion to its area, and Prussia and Turkey the minimum. And in proportion to the population of Europe an average of 6*l.* 15*s.* per head was indicated in this case,—the Netherlands sustaining the maximum and Prussia the minimum. The revenues of the European States yield a total of 207,301,752*l.*; of which 53,386,293*l.* is derived from the republics, and 153,915,459*l.* or three-fourths, from the monarchies:—Spain holding the worst position as regards the amount of revenue opposed to the National Debt, the interest on which at 5*l.* per cent. would consume the whole revenue,—whilst Prussia requires only a fourteenth of its revenue to be so applied. The paper was purely statistical; and proved that it is not the amount of debt that undermines the State's credit, but the want of natural resources to cover the required interest.

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INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—May 20.—
W. Cubitt, Esq., President, in the chair.—The
Paper read was 'On the Isthmus of Suez, and the
ancient Canals of Egypt,' by Mr. J. Glynn.—The
author's attention had been directed to this sub-
ject when the best route to India was under dis-
cussion, and that by the River Euphrates to the
Persian Gulf was contended for as offering advan-
tages superior to the one now so successfully
adopted through Egypt and by the Red Sea. The
possibility of the restoration of the ancient canals
in the Desert naturally formed part of the con-
sideration of the practicability of establishing a
communication by water, which should admit of
the passage of large vessels from sea to sea. It
appeared that about six hundred years before the
Christian era, Darius (Hystaspes) completed a canal
from the Nile, a little above Bubastes, to the Red
Sea, near to Patumus; this canal, which in some
places was nearly 150 feet wide and 30 feet in
depth, passed through the valley to the Bitter
Lakes, and was navigable for vessels of consider-
able burden only whilst the Nile was high, as it
was filled from that source; and that it served
by its branches for the purposes of irrigation
and for the supply of fresh water to several
important cities. The ancients assumed that
there existed a difference of level between the
waters of the Mediterranean and those of the
Red Sea, and precautions were taken to prevent
inundations, as also for avoiding any mixture of sea
water with that from the Nile. This canal, after
falling into decay, was restored about the year
644 of the Christian Era, by the Caliph Omar, who
introduced many improvements and changed its
junction with the Nile to a spot near Cairo, which
had the effect of keeping the navigation open for
a longer period during each year. The gradual
decadence of Egypt, however, induced the degrada-
tion even of this great work, so that after about
120 years the channel became choked up, and for
above 1,000 years it remained neglected and almost
forgotten, until during the French expedition,
when Napoleon, who could always find leisure for
encouraging the arts of peace and promoting the
interests of science, directed a complete survey
to be made by M. Le Père, an engineer of
eminence, whose report and estimate
for construction, with a line of levels from the
Mediterranean to the Red Sea, were published in
Denon's 'Description de l'Égypte.' It was pro-
posed to follow nearly the old line of canal, dividing
the length into four sections, at such levels as
should enable the navigation to continue open for
nearly eight months each year. The entire cost
was estimated at about 1,200,000*l.* sterling. The
direct distance from the northern extremity of
the Red Sea to the Mediterranean being about
seventy-five miles, the length of canal would be
about ninety-three miles, through a low barren
sandy plain, offering no obstacles to the speedy
execution of any engineering work, and traversing
many lagoons and lakes, the level of whose bot-
toms was stated by the French engineers to be
from 20 ft. to 54 ft. below high-water mark in the
Red Sea at Suez. The mean rise of the tide in
the Red Sea was found by M. Le Père to be about
5½ ft. to 6 ft., and that in the Mediterranean
about 1 ft. The surface of the former at high
water being stated to be about 32½ feet (English)
above low water at Tyne in the latter. The
various points of elevation above the Mediterranean
would be thus :—

High water at Suez.....	30½ ft. French.
Low water at Suez.....	25 " "
Mean difference.....	27¾ " "
Extreme rise of the Nile at Cairo, in ordinary seasons.....	30½ " "
Lowest point of the Nile at Cairo, in ordinary seasons.....	16 " "
Mean difference.....	27¾ " "

Consequently, the Nile, during the height of the
inundation, at Cairo, would be 9 feet above high-
water level, and 14 feet above low-water level at
Suez. M. Prony, M. Michel Chevalier, and Colonel
Chesney considered the construction of a canal prac-
ticable, in a country where no physical impediments
existed, and where labour could be obtained, per-
haps, at a cheaper rate than in any other part of
the world.—In the discussion which ensued, Mr.

R. Stephenson, Col. H. Smith, Mr. Ayrton, Mr.
Greaves, and the author of the paper took part. It
was shown from recent careful levellings and per-
sonal examination, that the levels of low water in
the Red Sea and the Mediterranean were identical,
and therefore, that the project of M. Le Père, being
based on a presumed difference of upwards of 30
feet between the seas, was not feasible; but that
the error in the levels might be accounted for by
the fact of the work being executed during a period
of war of the most harassing description. It ap-
peared that the ridge now existing at the end of
the Red Sea, towards the Bitter Lakes, consisted
of tertiary strata, the fossils of which were iden-
tical with those of the London Basin and the Hill
of Montmartre (Paris), and that it had no doubt
resulted from a geological upheaval which had
materially changed the features of the district. If
this position were correct, there was little doubt
that originally the Bitter Lakes formed the head
of the Red Sea; and the Ruins of Serapeum, and of
other extensive towns around, indicated that the
district had at a remote epoch possessed great
fertility, being irrigated by the canal of Sesostri-
s, by which Lake Temsah was supplied with fresh
water; in fact, that at that period it was un-
doubtedly a fertile beautiful region, and really
'Goshen,' the 'Land of Promise.'

This discussion terminated the business meeting
of this part of the session;—which was announced to
be resumed on the second Tuesday in November.
Mr. F. M. Young was elected a Member, and
Mr. W. H. Churchward an Associate.

ETHNOLOGICAL.—April 16.—Sir C. Malcolm,
President, in the chair.—On the Superstitions of
the Australians,' by W. Miles.—The belief in
resuscitation and transmigration—the metem-
psychosis of olden times—is common to every
known tribe in Australia. The natives formerly
believed that after death they became changed
into some animal,—as, a shark, or bird, or
quadruped;—but now, they believe that they re-
turn to earth after death as white men. A native
who was executed at Melbourne consoled himself
by saying—"Never mind, I jump up white
fellow,—plenty of sixpence." The word *Djanga*
at Swan River, means the dead; but it is indis-
criminately applied to Europeans,—as they are
believed to be deceased aborigines, who in their
new state have revisited their homes in another
colour. Governor Grey and his party were asked
by some natives if they were not dead men.—Circum-
cision is practised as a religious rite; and they
adopt words of contempt and reproach against the
uncircumcised,—see the word "*Munno*" in Teich-
mann's vocabulary. The custom of making raised
scars on the body is very general, as is that of
piercing the *septem naris*. Girls are usually de-
prived of the first joint of the little finger; and
when boys on arriving at puberty are admitted
among the warriors, they have one of their incisor
teeth removed,—at which operation there is a
grand ceremony. Cannibalism exists, but is not
habitual, and it appears to be observed as a reli-
gious rite. Many of the constellations are be-
lieved to have been in former times black men,
now translated to the heavens. The milky way
—"Wodli parri"—is supposed to be a large river,
the abode of a great demon serpent named *Yurra*.
The legend of Orion and the Pleiades is very
similar to that of the classical mythology. In all
ancient myths the serpent plays an important part,
and equally so in Australia. They believe in the
existence of an immense serpent, that is invisible
to mortal eyes, but resident in high and rocky
mountains. He is said to have created the world
by a blow of his mighty tail; and by shaking
it he produces earthquakes, and causes sickness
and death. The mystic rites connected with the
worship of the serpent are never revealed to the
white man. There are many carvings on the
surface of rocks in which human figures, animals,
birds, fish, human feet, boomerangs and other
weapons, are rudely represented. These are found
generally on highland promontories. Some of
these carvings are very large;—there is one of a
whale which measures 25 feet long. The carvings
of human feet, or rather foot-prints, which are

considered sacred, bring to mind similar foot-prints
in India,—and especially the celebrated sacred
foot-mark in Ceylon. The red-hand—the *mano*
colorado of Yucatan—is found in caves on the
eastern coast of Australia. The hands are of dif-
ferent sizes. The hands have been placed against
the rock, the fingers widely extended, and the
intervening spaces on the rock painted, in some
cases red, in others white. There is great dread
on the part of the natives of communicating any
information respecting the red hand, except that
it was made before "white fellow came." The
native doctors are priests and soothsayers also.
The few medicines are taken from the vegetable
kingdom; but they depend chiefly on the charms
and superstitious use of a crystal called *Koradgee*
Kibba, which is a piece of common quartz. Dr.
Bennet thus describes the remedy on a speared
man. The patient was laid about thirty yards
from the encampment; the surgeon first sucked
the wound, then holding his saliva he retreated
ten or twelve paces from the patient, muttered
some charm,—when placing the crystal in his
mouth he sucked it, spat upon the ground, and
tramping on the earth pressed the discharged
saliva into it. In other cases the mystic piece of
quartz is wrapped in a cloth, and manipulation like
that of a mesmerizer is performed on the patient
in order to eject the evil spirit which produces the
sickness. The name of a deceased person is never
mentioned; and this custom is so sacred, that at
Port Phillip a native died whose name was also
that of *Pire*, and the natives would never pronounce
the word, but have been obliged to borrow another
word for fire.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—May 2.—The Duke of
Northumberland, President, in the chair.—The
Astronomer Royal 'On the Total Solar Eclipse of
1851, July 28.' The Lecturer remarked that the
subject which he had suggested to the managers
of the Institution for the present lecture might at
first sight appear meagre and common-place, but
that he believed it would be found to be one of
the highest interest:—first, because during a total
eclipse we are permitted a hasty glance at some of
the secrets of nature which cannot be seen on any
other occasion,—secondly, because the general
phenomenon is perhaps the most awfully grand
that man can witness. Many of his audience
had probably seen large partial eclipses of the sun,
and they might suppose that a total eclipse is
merely an intensified form of a partial eclipse; but
having himself witnessed a total eclipse, he was
able to assure them that no degree of partial eclipse
up to the last moment of the sun's appearance gave
the least idea of a total eclipse, as regarded either
the generally terrific appearances or the singular
nature of some of the phenomena. Many years
ago, in reading the admirable essay in the 'Phi-
losophical Transactions' by the late Mr. Bailly on
the eclipse (usually called that of Thales), the
occurrence of which suspended a battle between
the Lydians and the Medes, he had been struck
by the cogency of Mr. Bailly's arguments, which
showed that only a total eclipse could be admitted
as sufficient to produce the effect ascribed to it;
and by the remark (cited by Mr. Bailly) of Mac-
laurin and Lemonnier, that in an annular eclipse
of the sun, even educated astronomers when view-
ing the sun (nearly covered by the moon) with the
naked eye could not tell that it was not full. The
appearances, however, in a total eclipse, as he
should afterwards mention, were so striking, that
there could be no difficulty in believing the his-
torian's account to be literally correct.

Proceeding first to explain the simple causes of
a solar eclipse, the Lecturer remarked that the
moon's distance from the earth is nearly one four-
hundredth part of the sun's distance, and that the
moon's diameter is very nearly one four-hundredth
part of the sun's diameter, and that therefore, on
the average, the sun's apparent diameter and the
moon's apparent diameter are very nearly equal.
But in consequence of the elliptic forms of their
orbits, the sun's distance is liable to small varia-
tions, and the moon's distance to very consider-
able variations: when the moon is at the most
distant part of her orbit, her apparent diameter is

smaller than the sun's; and if she happens at that time to be between a spectator and the sun, she will be seen as a black disk covering the central part of the sun and leaving a ring of light all round: when the moon is at the nearest part of her orbit, her apparent diameter is larger than the sun's, and she will, to a spectator in the proper locality, completely cover the sun, and produce a total eclipse. But neither of these things can happen unless the plane of the moon's orbit be in such a position that the moon, when approaching the state of conjunction or new moon, is seen to pass not above the sun or below the sun but over the sun.

The Lecturer then called attention to the circumstance that four successive total eclipses occur in the month of July at intervals of nine years, namely, 1833, July 17; 1842, July 8; 1851, July 28; and 1860, July 18. For the explanation of this curious circumstance it was necessary to show, first, how it happened that at intervals of nine years the moon's orbit was in such a position that, for a nearly definite apparent position of the sun, the moon's path would cross the sun's disk: secondly, how it happened that at intervals of nine years the moon was at nearly her smallest distance from the earth, so that her apparent diameter was larger than the sun's. In reference to the former, it was shown that the moon revolves in an orbit whose plane is inclined to the plane of the ecliptic (the apparent orbit of the sun round the earth), and that the inclination is nearly invariable, but that the position of the line in which the plane of the moon's orbit intersects that of the ecliptic is constantly changing, revolving steadily in the direction opposite to the moon's motion, and performing a complete revolution in something more than nineteen years. Therefore, if one node or extremity of this line of intersection were directed nearly to the July sun in 1833, the opposite node would be directed nearly to the July sun in 1842, and so on for four successive periods of nine years; and eclipses would be possible in July at the end of each period. But to show that they might be total eclipses, it was necessary to remark that the moon revolves in an ellipse of which the earth occupies one focus (a point much nearer to one end than to the other), and that the position of this ellipse is constantly varying, its long axis turning round in the same direction as the moon's motion, and completing a revolution in nine years and a half. Therefore, if in 1833 the shorter end of the ellipse were nearly turned to the July sun, in 1842 the axis of the ellipse would have completely revolved, so that the shorter end of the ellipse would again be nearly turned to the July sun; and thus the eclipse which occurred, if total in 1833, would, if central, be total (not annular) in 1842; and so on for four periods of nine years.

The Lecturer then called attention to the great difference in the directions of the shadow-paths across Europe, for the eclipses of 1842 and 1851: (the former being from W.S.W. to E.N.E. nearly, the latter from N.W. to S.E. nearly). This arose in part from the circumstance that (as above explained) the former of these eclipses occurred when the node or end of the intersection-line of the planes of orbits, turned towards the July sun, was that at which the moon rises to the north of the ecliptic, the latter when it is that at which the moon is descending to the south of the ecliptic. But the principal cause of the difference is this; that the former eclipse occurred early in the morning, the latter in the afternoon: on placing a terrestrial globe in the proper position for July, with its north pole inclined considerably towards the sun, it is seen that, even if the moon moved precisely in the ecliptic, the path of her shadow across Europe before Europe came to the meridian would trend from the south to the north; but if Europe had passed the meridian it would trend from the north to the south.

Quitting the geometrical explanation, the Lecturer then proceeded to describe some peculiar phenomena which had been observed in eclipses; and first, one which had been observed most distinctly in annular eclipses, and which is known by the name of "Baily's beads and strings." When the preceding limb of the moon, traversing the sun's disk, approaches very near the sun's limb, or

when the following limb of the moon is in the act of separating from the sun's limb to enter on the sun's disk, the two limbs are joined for a time—(no one has estimated the duration with accuracy)—by alternations of black and white points or strings. Phenomena, evidently of the same class, have been observed in the transits of Venus and Mercury over the sun's disk; the black planet, when just lodged on the sun's disk, being pear-shaped, with its point attached to the black sky. The Lecturer was able to state, in his own experience at the Royal Observatory, that at the same transit of Mercury this phenomenon was seen with some telescopes and was not seen with others. In the annular eclipse of 1836, observed at Königsberg, where the moon's limb but just entered completely on the sun's, and where consequently it grazed along the sun's for many seconds of time, the phenomenon appeared to resolve itself simply into points of light seen between lunar mountains. The Lecturer expressed himself generally satisfied with Prof. Powell's explanation, that the phenomenon originates in that inevitable fault of telescopes and of the nervous system of the eye which tends to extend the images of luminous objects (producing what is generally termed irradiation), and thus enlarges the sun's disk towards the sky, towards the moon or planet, and towards the bottom of its hollows.

In describing the total eclipse of 1842 (which perhaps was better observed than any one preceding it) the Lecturer insisted on our obligation to M. Arago, who had prepared the preliminary notices, and had used his powerful personal influence in inducing persons to make observations at numerous stations in the south of France; and had afterwards collected and compared the observations. Besides these French observations and the observations made by astronomers officially located in the path of the shadow, we have the observations of M. Schumacher who went to Vienna, of MM. Otto Struve and Schidlowsky at Lipetsk, (the former of whom was sent expressly by the Russian Government), of Mr. Baily who went to Pavia, and of the Lecturer himself who went to the Superga (near Turin). It appears that with M. Arago's telescope the whole circumference of the moon was visible when the moon had entered on only about two-thirds of the sun's diameter. Whatever may be the cause of this unusual appearance, it seems to require the use of a telescope with a small number of glasses in the highest state of polish. As the totality approached, a strange fluctuation of light was seen by M. Arago and others upon the walls and the ground, so striking that in some places children ran after it and tried to catch it with their hands. Of the awful effect of the totality, and of the suddenness with which it came on, it is difficult to give an idea. The Lecturer cited an expression from Dr. Stukely's account of the total eclipse of 1744, observed on a cloudy day, "that the darkness came dropping like a mantle;" and compared it with his own in similar weather, "that the clouds seemed to be descending." But all agree in the description of livid countenances, indistinct and sometimes invisible horizon, and general horror of appearance. It is well that we are enabled, by means of instances collected by M. Arago, to show that these are not simply the inventions of active human imaginations. In one case, a half-starved dog, who was voraciously devouring some food, dropped it from his mouth when the darkness came on. In another, a swarm of ants, who were busily carrying their burdens, stopped when the darkness came on, and remained motionless till the light reappeared. In another, a herd of oxen, as soon as the totality was formed, collected themselves into a circle and stood with their horns outwards. Some plants (as the convolvulus and silk-tree *acacia*) closed their leaves. The darkness at Venice was so great that the smoke of the steam-boats could not be seen. In several places, birds flew against houses, &c. Where the sky was clear, several stars were seen. In several places a reddish light was seen near the horizon. A heavy dew was formed at Perpignan.—The Lecturer cited an instance which had been related to him by M. Arago, in which the captain of a French ship had

beforehand arranged in the most careful way the observations to be made; but, when the darkness came on, discipline of every kind failed, every person's attention being irresistibly attracted to the striking appearances of the moment, and some of the most critical observations were thus lost.

The most remarkable phenomenon observed in all preceding total eclipses, and seen equally in this, is the ring of light surrounding the moon, called the *corona*. The Lecturer described the magical change, from the state of a very narrow lune of solar light (the contour of the moon being totally invisible) to the state of an entire dark moon surrounded by a ring of faint light, as most curious and striking. The progress of the formation of the ring was seen by his companion, and by some other persons: it commenced on the side of the moon opposite to that at which the sun disappeared. In the general decay and disease which seemed to oppress all nature, the moon and corona appeared almost like a local disease in that part of the sky. In some places, the corona was seen as distinctly double; it would appear that the ring which the Lecturer saw (whose breadth, by estimate of repeated duplication, he found to be about one-eighth part of the moon's diameter, or four minutes of arc nearly) was the inner of the two rings seen by M. Arago and others. The texture of the corona appeared in some places as if fibrous, or composed of entangled thread; in some places, brushes or feathers of light proceeded from it. One photometric estimate of the quantity of light in the corona, cited by M. Arago, gave it equal to one-seventh part of full moonlight. From a chromatic analysis of its light by means of an ordinary prism, it appeared to be deficient in green rays. The Lecturer characterized the inquiry into the origin and locality of this corona as one of the most interesting connected with the eclipse. It had been specially indicated by M. Arago (see the 'Annuaire du Bureau des Longitudes, 1842') as a very important subject of inquiry whether the corona is concentric with the moon or with the sun; but his recommendation had received very limited attention. The general tenor of the evidence went to prove that the corona belongs to the sun. This, however, was not the opinion of more ancient writers, who tacitly consider it as the atmosphere of the moon. But the most remarkable of all the appearances were the red mountains or flames apparently projecting from the circumference of the moon into the inner ring of the corona, to the height of one minute of arc at the smallest estimation, or a much greater height by other estimations. It was afterwards discovered that these had been seen before by Vassenus, a Swedish astronomer, who observed the eclipse of 1733 at Göteborg (a place very favourable for the approaching eclipse), and whose account is given in the 'Philosophical Transactions,' vol. xxxvii. He terms them "subrubicundæ nonnullæ maculæ, extra peripheriam disci lunaris conspectæ, numero tres aut quatuor." This observation, however, was not known to any of the observers in 1842, and all were therefore taken by surprise. Drawings were exhibited of these red mountains as seen at Perpignan, Narbonne, Vienna, Pavia, Superga, and Lipetsk. It was shown that, by a trace still visible on the engraving, the drawing first made at Vienna had coincided very exactly with that made at Pavia; that the Narbonne observations would be very exactly reconciled with them by supposing the error (very likely to occur to unpractised astronomers) of taking the north limb to be the upper limb; that at Perpignan, Superga, Lipetsk, the lowest of the red prominences was not seen; and that at Superga and Lipetsk only was the middle one of the upper prominences seen, though in several places an irregular band of red light had been seen of which one salient point might be the prominence in question. In all the places where the order of formation had been observed, the same prominence (the left-hand upper prominence) was defined as the first seen. At Perpignan this was observed by M. Mauvais to show itself first as a small point and to project gradually as from behind the moon. The discordance in these representations did not appear to the Lecturer at all startling; it was not greater than the discordance in the ac-

counts given by two good observers in different rooms of the same building at Padua. The determination of the locality and nature of these red prominences is one of the most difficult of all connected with the eclipse. The first impression undoubtedly was, that they are parts of the sun. If so, their height, at the lowest estimation, is about thirty thousand miles. The principal objection, however, to their solar location is the difference in their forms as seen at different places: thus at Perpignan they are represented as widest at the top; at all other places they are widest at the base. Moreover, at some places, as Pavia and Vienna, where they were seen a long time, they underwent no change: whereas at Perpignan one at least was seen to slide out as from behind the moon. In all cases, however, much is to be allowed for the hurried nature of the observation. The only theory which has been formally propounded as explaining them is that of M. Faye, who conceives them to be the result of a kind of mirage.

The Lecturer explained the nature of ordinary mirage (the kind of reflection produced by the hot air adhering to a heated surface of any solid) and described the distortion produced in the image of a star as seen in the Northumberland telescope of the Cambridge Observatory, when first mounted in a square pyramidal tube, whose angles were constructed more solidly than its sides, reducing the inner form to an octagon. When this tube had become warm before observation in the open air, the angle-blocks remained warm after the sides and the internal air had become cool, and a kind of mirage was produced which distorted the image of a star into four long rays like the sails of a windmill. M. Faye has particularly adverted to this instance, and conceived that in the circumstances of our atmosphere at the time of the eclipse, where the air on one side only of the path of light is somewhat heated by the sun, sufficient explanation might be found for the distortion of some inequalities of the moon. The Lecturer professed himself totally unable to follow this theory into details, remarking only that in the rapid passage of the moon's shadow he conceived it impossible to find air in the state required for the explanation.

The Lecturer then adverted to that part of his subject of which all that had been already said was only introductory,—namely, the approaching eclipse of July 28. After quoting an American newspaper, showing the great interest excited by this eclipse beyond the Atlantic as one of the strongest inducements for Americans to visit Europe in the coming summer, he invited attention to its course across Europe. Entering Norway near Bergen, the shadow crosses both coasts of Norway, both coasts of Sweden, and the eastern coast of the Baltic; then ranges through Poland and the south frontier of Russia across the Sea of Azof through Georgia to the Caspian Sea. It passes Christiania, Göteborg, Carlsrout, Danzig, Königsberg, Warsaw, and Tiflis. A great part of this course, especially that from Bergen to Königsberg, is very accessible by sea, and Warsaw by land. The Lecturer trusted that many English travellers might be induced to observe this eclipse. If possible, stations should be chosen as well near the northern and southern boundaries of the shadow as near the centre. No particular skill in astronomical observation is required, the phenomena being rather of a more generally physical kind: and indeed, as far as the observations of the eclipse of 1842 showed, the travelling physicists had been more successful than the stationary astronomers. The apparatus required would depend on the special objects of the observer; a telescope and a watch might be considered indispensable in every case; for analysis of light, a common prism and a polariscope might be taken by some persons: photometry, actinometry, &c., might be interesting to others, and appropriate instruments would be required: other observers would be interested in meteorology. The apparatus which the Lecturer considered it most important to perfectation now, for use during the eclipse, is photogenic apparatus; it would be impossible to set too high a value on a series of Daguerreotypes or Talbotypes of the sun and corona taken during the eclipse.

The Lecturer concluded by saying that a series of

suggestions for the observation, accompanied by a map, had been prepared by a committee of which he is a member, and were nearly ready to leave the printer's hand: and he undertook to transmit a copy of these suggestions to any person who would make application to him.

SYRO-EGYPTIAN.—May 13.—S. Sharpe, Esq. in the chair.—Mr. Bonomi exhibited and described gutta percha impressions of an Egyptian medal in copper or brass in the possession of Mr. Waddilove of Beacon Grange,—brought originally from Thebes by Mr. Swan.—The conclusion of Mr. D. W. Nash's paper 'On the Shepherd Kings and Pyramid Builders' was read. In this paper Mr. Nash, after reviewing the Egyptian, Greek, Coptic, and Arabic traditions relating to the Pyramids, came to the conclusion, that there was evidence of a Phœnician occupation of Lower Egypt anterior to the date affixed by Manetho to the Hyksos or Shepherd invasion. He pointed out the correspondence of the name of Salatis, the first of the Shepherd kings, with that of Surid, the builder of the Great Pyramid, according to the Coptic tradition, and with the Sosis of the fourth, or pyramid-building, dynasty of Manetho, and of that of Apophis the shepherd with Phiois. He also pointed out the remarkable correspondence of the names of Shoofo, Shafre, and Mykerinus, the builders of the three pyramids of Gizeh, with Yusuf, or Joseph, Ephraim his son, and Machin his grandson; and compared the name of an ancient king found in the pyramid of Abousir, Osir-re, with that of Israel, Osir-el. The character of Shoofo as described by Manetho, the foreign aspect of his name as translated by Eratosthenes, the remarkable tradition of Manetho that a great famine occurred in Egypt in the time of Ouenephes the predecessor of Ousaphais, a pyramid builder, and the fact that the titles and qualifications of Shoofo in the hieroglyphics are not those of royalty, but of priesthood, were adduced to strengthen the connexion between the *Zaphnath-paaneah*, or Yusuf, the Phœnician of the Old Testament, and Shoofo, the builder of the Great Pyramid. It is evident from Manetho's account of the Shepherds that the city of the Abarians was in existence prior to the Shepherd invasion; and Mr. Nash refers it to the earlier Phœnician masters of Lower Egypt. He declined to discuss the chronological difficulties of the question, considering our materials as yet too imperfect for a full elucidation of the subject; but inclined to abate somewhat of the vast antiquity assigned to the building of the Pyramids by Mr. Gliddon and others, and to modify the views expressed by himself on that subject in his paper on the Egyptian Calendar.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Mon.** Geographical, 1.—Annual.
Tues. Institute of Actuaries, 7.
 Royal Institution, 3.—'On Manufactures and Construction,' by Prof. E. Cowper.
 — Zoological, 3.—Scientific Business.
Wed. Geological, half-past 8.—'On the Geological Structure of the Taurus Range of Western Persia,' by W. K. Loftus, Esq.—'On the Remains of Fish in the Silurian Rocks of Great Britain,' by J. W. Salter, Esq.—'On the Elevatory Forces that raised the Malvern Hills,' by H. E. Strickland, Esq.
Thurs. Royal Institution, 3.—'On Cosmical Philosophy,' by the Rev. Baden Powell.
 — Antiquaries, 8.
Fri. Royal Institution, half-past 8.—'A few Words on Babylon and Nineveh,' by Col. Rawlinson.
Sat. Medical, 8.
 Royal Institution, 3.—'On some Points of Electrical Philosophy,' by Prof. Faraday.

FINE ARTS

ROYAL ACADEMY.

Mr. Elmore's talent is one that does not rest satisfied with success already achieved in composition and in colour,—but seeks to add to these the subtleties of form and character. In order to attain to these he has been willing to run the risk of diminishing the interest which he had hitherto derived from contrasts of colour or strong opposition of chiar-oscuro. It is rare, indeed, to find all these elements in perfect combination in any one work. *Hotspur and the Fop* (No. 487), from the well-known episode in the first part of 'Henry the Fourth,' is the subject of Mr. Elmore's picture,—and the scene is, of course, a battle-field. This explains and justifies the sober and negative hue

of the picture. The composition shows progress on the part of the painter. Mr. Elmore's reading is a novel one. According to the text, the Fop is a mere accidental subject of Hotspur's sarcasm and scorn,—an episodic figure only, subordinate to the idea of the fiery leader himself. Mr. Elmore erects the mere episode into his subject,—and the Fop grows accordingly into the prominent figure of the scene—Hotspur being an accessory. "Fresh as a bridegroom," he occupies the centre of the picture. Hotspur sits on the carriage of a piece of ordnance,—a spectator, like ourselves, of the affection which the Poet makes him afterwards describe. Mr. Elmore has a right to his reading:—indeed he shows that independence, too rare among our younger artists, which forbids him to follow prescribed habits of thought or popular modes of practice, and leads him to interpret for himself. He has taken up the line of poetry and romance that he considers to offer the freest scope to his developing powers. The great advance displayed by this picture in the arrangement of the groups, in the drawing of the individual parts, and above all in the expressions and characters of the heads, attests unmistakably the progressive nature of Mr. Elmore's powers. The sensuous tendencies of strong colour and effects have, we repeat, been here postponed to the more difficult presentment of human passion and individuality. In the drawing of the details of the several heads and in the delineation of special facts we have increased accuracy of proportion,—more sensibility to structural and other particulars,—truth and perspicuity of touch.

The Evening Hour (147) is the best example of Mr. Creswick's powers in this Exhibition. He, too, is an artist who is not content with travelling in the ordinary routines of subject or of system. Here we have one of those peaceful and serene skies whose "solemn stillness" we recognize at the present season. A glen view, entitled "*Over the hills and far away*" (23), presents those geological materials which lend themselves so well to the painter's art. *The Valley Mill* (225) has an interest of another kind,—raising the suggestion of human wants and human industry. Like to the selections of a Collins is that half sea and half landscape, *Over the Sands* (416). To this picture Mr. Creswick has lent the variety of colours and tints due to a sun-set effect. Less vigorous in touch than the others, and less prolific in variety of feature,—it is, yet, another evidence of Mr. Creswick's taste.

The only picture here from the easel of Mr. Frank Stone is, a *Scene from 'The Merchant of Venice'*—*Bassanio receiving the Letter announcing Antonio's Losses and Peril* (606). This subject is well calculated for the exhibition of the artist's speciality. It was a bold thing to venture on the identical subject which Mr. Stuart Newton had dealt with in that excellent work which is now an ornament of the Sheepshanks Gallery. Beyond question, however, this is one of the best of Mr. Stone's works. Those conversant with his style will understand how he would be likely to present Portia and Nerissa:—but Bassanio and Gratiano form conspicuous figures in the composition,—and give evidence of enlarging resource for the expression of masculine character. There is intensity of expression in Bassanio,—well responded to by the female group, in whose front Portia presents one of those embodiments of female beauty for which Mr. Stone is famed. For the general making up of his picture the artist has thrown himself on the dramatic elements of the story. He has avoided the common-places of the class of backgrounds with which the world is wearied:—but we think there is a want of sufficient allusion to theasket exhibition. The picture is a great improvement on Mr. Stone's Shakspeare subject of last year,—and is full of promise of what the artist may achieve in this line.

If Mr. Danby be not here in any work of magnitude, there is yet matter to gratify his admirers. Of his pictures, *Winter, Sunset—a Slide* (335) is the most conspicuous. The scene—as its title implies, one of no very high import,—conveys, however, ample evidence of what may be done with slender materials in the hands of men of power. The poetical suggestiveness which fails Mr. Danby

never has lent itself to this presentment of a humble fact. The season effects show his faculty of observation:—no circumstance seems to have escaped it. *A Ship on Fire—a Calm, Moonlight—Far at Sea* (581) hardly realizes our preconception of the situation. We miss the intensified character of the bursts of lambent flame which in such scenes lend variety and fearful contrast. We would not be hypercritical,—but it seems to us, too, that the calmness of the rippled wave passes into vagueness and feebleness. Now that Turner has quitted the field of his chromatic splendours, Mr. Danby remains in full possession of it:—but the proof is not exactly to be found in his picture of *A Summer Sunset* (622). To our taste there is too great monotony in the conduct of its tints,—too suffused and generalized an aspect. It is wanting in point and in force. The recollection of the many pre-eminent works of this artist leads us to hope sincerely that he may devote himself to poetical landscape:—"a consummation devoutly to be wished" at a time when whole families of landscape painters perpetuate trite and ordinary scenes,—in pictures so like each other that they seem to be from one hand,—wherein skies look as hard and cold as if, like earthenware, they would break if struck against, and foreground and distance appear as if they were the result of machinery.

We remarked in our opening article on this Exhibition that Mr. Webster had represented his own peculiar walk this season but imperfectly. Three small studies by him are, however, here. No. 106, *A Chimney Corner*, introduces a single figure of a man seated, lighted by a cottage window. This is touched with Mr. Webster's accustomed care and fidelity. No. 108 is a little study which should be amplified,—children restrained within a doorway, gazing out on an Italian boy, whose cage of white mice forms the *Attraction* which is its title. This is a pleasing little composition. A clever little study of individuality is the portrait of *Mrs. Thompson* (173):—reminding us not slightly of similar studies by the Dutch masters which are occasionally met with on the walls of the galleries of collectors.

One of the most enterprising and industrious of our artists is Mr. Edward Cook:—constant in search of variety and ever anxious to avoid repetition of subject. The successive stages of an early education admirably fitted Mr. Cook for the delineation of intricate particular. The danger of detracting from a general impression by descending to deal with the range of objective truths is well known. The details of architecture—Gothic more especially—of river craft, or of botany are just such as would most tax a generalizing taste. With such Mr. Cook delights to deal. In *Braycozi—The Fishing Craft of Venice* we have all the peculiarities of his forte. The details of architecture, even to the minute particulars of the construction of the Ducal Palace, seen in the distance, are given with the care of an architect's plan or elevation; and those of the craft and of produce would satisfy the most fastidious who make such studies the separate occupations of their lives. *The Church of the "Salute," Dogana, &c., Venice* (732), is a similar example. The combining of these separate parts so as to simulate the general impression conveyed by nature is effected most successfully in the first of these—though even there not thoroughly achieved.

Mr. Hollins has never exhibited a better picture of its class than the group of weather-beaten sailors which he entitles *Dover Hoellers* (468). They are full of character, befittingly engaged, and executed with a precision and ease showing how much the painter's heart was in his work. *A Young Lady Sketching* (19) is elegantly designed, whether taken in reference to its form or to its arrangement of colour. *The Hay-field* (586) is another capital instance of the last-mentioned quality,—exhibited in a female study of much refinement. The colour and accessories are in harmony with the idea intended. In all these Mr. Hollins shows marked advance.

Mr. Linton contributes another of those views which have of late done so much to give him a special reputation as a recorder of Venetian locality.

A Festa Day at Venice—The Grand Canal (540) is amongst his greatest successes. No one among our artists seizes with more success than Mr. Linton the precise quality of azure observable in the skies of those regions,—none succeeds better in transmitting to his canvas the negative hues peculiar to the buildings of mixed Moresque and Christian styles. There are a solidity in his touch and a breadth in his masses which are here made powerfully manifest. Not a corner of the city but presents points for the painter's record—even after Canaletto's pencil had revelled in its architectural beauties. If he paints such pictures as this, Mr. Linton, in spite of dogmas recently laid down, may continue to give us views of Venice, eschewing the eternal repetitions of the Ducal Palace, and take to himself the credit of being painter in ordinary to that most picturesque of cities.

It is now three years since on the walls of the Free Exhibition we first made acquaintance with an historical composition by Mr. F. Maddox Brown—'The First Translation of the Bible into English':—a work of much pretension, in which Wicliffe was represented reading to John of Gaunt, in the presence of Chaucer and Gower, his translation of the New Testament. The same period of history has now furnished Mr. Brown with a subject more rich in material,—and which he has treated on a scale of greater magnitude.—*Geoffrey Chaucer reading the "Legend of Custance" to Edward the Third and his Court*, at the Palace of Sheen, on the Anniversary of the Black Prince's Forty-fifth Birth-day gives him the opportunity of introducing most of the leading personages of the time. The composition, built up after the practice of one of our most popular artists, contains many passages of great excellence: but there is much inequality in the conception and carrying out of the several characters. These discrepancies are so great as to create surprise that they should be the work of the same hand. There is much learning displayed in this picture,—but the lore is antiquarian rather than artistic. In producing this the diligence of the artist has been displayed rather than in attending to such pictorial treatment as the conditions of the subject demanded. If the theme did not supply situation or material for a severe presentment,—there was at least enough in it to furnish a romantic, if not a poetic, combination. There is always great risk where a number of picturesque actors, clothed in variedly shaped and gaily coloured costumes are grouped together, of their assuming the character of the *tableau théâtrique*. It requires great earnestness of purpose and expression to avoid this. With such a demonstration of resource as Mr. Brown has here made, there need be no doubt that with a sober and discreet management of it he will at no remote period acquire distinction within the walls in which he has this season broken ground.

With Mr. H. Le Jeune's *Sermon on the Mount* (678) our notice must this week close. Mr. Le Jeune has shown here that earnestness which is, we repeat, one of the secrets of success. To say that his principal figure is not the most prominent success in his picture, is but to say that, like almost every other painter except Da Vinci, the character has mastered him. He has, however, succeeded in imparting sanctity and fervour to the various expressions of the other characters.

NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

HAVING finished with the figure subjects in our former article,—we return to our notice of this Society with the more pleasure inasmuch as in Landscape there is a decided manifestation of advance. Mr. W. Bennett still maintains the supremacy which he won last year:—though we cannot say it is in his works that we perceive the advance to which we have alluded. Nevertheless, his style appears to be in a transition state which may be fraught with good when it shall be fully matured. He is aiming at largeness, but in so doing his breadth at times degenerates into slovenly looseness:—his larger handling becomes lumpy and coarse, wanting the appearance of finish,—and his colouring—though but rarely—grows staid and inharmonious. Still, his works in the main assert successfully their character for solidity and vigour; and above all, for that look of truth so essential to

all good art—especially landscape art,—and which so many lose the sense of in the pursuit of the mere means to the great end. His *Dunster Castle, Somersetshire* (No. 3), with its corn-fields and reapers in the gleamy sunshine, reminds us of Dewint,—with a firmer execution; whilst *A Stream in North Wales* (19), tumbling over its rocky bed, though with a broad effect under a solid tone, is somewhat slight and lumpy in execution. In *The Llugwy, North Wales* (21), that beautiful river is seized at a point where it is dammed up into a deep pool by an aggregation of its bold rocky bottom:—the rich foliage of its banks, hanging over and reflected in the translucent water, making a charming composition, with a silvery and chaste daylight tone and a broad yet varied arrangement of colour. *View on the Conway and Beaver Bridge, North Wales* (39) is made up of smaller parts, and has accordingly more refined execution,—by which it benefits. The broken effect of light on the mountains is very firm and good; and the whole makes a fine drawing, if we except a too great sameness in the handling of the foliage. *The View from Richmond Hill* (56), under its effect of deep sunset, wants the dreamy illusion of that scene of enchantment at such an hour. We may next notice a very pretty subject, charmingly treated in effect,—though slight—in which a little deep pool is framed and reflected into by rocky mountains and a gleamy sky, giving to it its punning title of *Reflections in North Wales* (73). A scene *In Penge Wood, Surrey* (76) has a pleasant true look, with its newly felled tree so boldly thrown across the brook. In *Barden Tower and River Wharfe, Yorkshire* (78), the beautiful river bursts out from the superincumbent foliage, rippling over its stony bed; whence, in imagination, we trace its course winding through the hills and ravines beyond and past the foot of the castle which occupies such a commanding site in the middle distance,—and where, somewhat nearer, the lowering clouds, which in the grey distance have burst in showers, throw their deep shadows on the leafy masses. The depth of these is, with fine art, increased by the flitting of those two white birds athwart their intensity. Another large drawing, *A Glade in the Old Forest* (93), may be taken as a good exemplification of the faults and beauties of this artist's new style. Retaining his true general effect, with increased breadth and larger handling,—there is in it a tendency to blockiness and want of detail in the foreground trees. Yet, the massive shadow of the middle ground and the fine manner in which the blue distance tells against the sky—the clouds of which are so good—make up an effect of great power. One of Mr. Bennett's most successful productions is, a small drawing of *Rocks in the River Conway, North Wales* (119). These rocks are not only wonderfully true in effect, clear and firmly drawn,—but overhung by a foliage full of a charming sense of reflected and aerial light. The whole is vigorous and well chosen,—and the drawing was evidently painted on the spot.—*Sunset at Betws-y-Coed, North Wales*, (148) is a beautiful subject, but which again shows the artist unequal to such efforts. It is staid and separated in colour,—wanting harmony between the light and the shadow:—in the reflections of which last there is none of the hazy warmth of atmospheric charm. All is dead and cold. In *Harlech Castle—Moonlight* (189) the castle has a washed-out look, and is built up in the moonlight pale and ghostly—but not in the sense poetical. *The Lynn, North Devon* (197), though somewhat cold and green, is a very fresh and forcible wood-and-water scene, with hill distance:—the handling very finished and firm. No. 211 is a more open subject; with the rocks and water firmly painted,—whilst the trees are somewhat blotchy and indefinite. No. 215 wants clearness of treatment generally,—and the sky has a muddy look. No. 234, where cattle repose in a woodland scene with a graduated opening in the sky, has a good true tone. No. 271, with the sportsman in the rich brown ferny foreground and the tower in mid distance, is almost fine, yet a little careless:—and No. 300 is a silvery drawing, with a fine tone.

Treading closely on the heels of Mr. Bennett, and bidding fair soon to equal if not to surpass

him, stands in honourable rivalry Mr. D. H. McKean:—whose works have before this year claimed no prominent place in public attention. With a strong sense of the beautiful and a wise perception of and promptitude to seize the accidental truths of nature, he possesses a great charm of dexterity which occasionally reaches a wild and bounteous looseness of hand, indicative—if well directed—of great future power. At present his works are very unequal,—as if the productions of mere impulse. Those impulses, however, are good and true. He has thrown up the ball with power and energy, but it will require more of both to keep it up. That ordeal is now to be entered on which is the test of true greatness,—wherein, whilst the impulses are kept pure and unsophisticated, Art is pursued to the gradual development of its more elevating principles, until a great and a greater work are successively achieved. Mr. McKean's principal drawing is, *Snowdon, from the Valley of Dolwyddelan—Sunset* (226);—and it wants little to make it one of the most beautiful works of its class in the Exhibition. The mountain is seen under a new aspect, and under a treatment requiring great skill:—and achieved with success. The sun is setting behind its highest peak,—leaving it to the embraces of the surrounding clouds and mists; whilst the lower part of the picture wears the solemn tone of a deepening twilight, which is admirably preserved, aided by a ruined tower that stands on a height in the middle distance,—fruitful of legendary suggestions. Broad and grand, little is wanting to this picture, were it not for a slight air of the artificial in the colouring of the beautifully drawn tree on the left, and a little tendency to greenness in the general tone which detracts from the sense of truth. *Arundel, Sussex—Summer Morning* (126), is an admirable composition. In the haze of dewy morning the castle breaks in mid descent from the masses of a rich and varied foliage. Some wood-cutters, with children, are refreshing themselves after their early toil by the side of a recently felled tree. The stream which runs through the flat between the foreground and the castle reflects the charming grey haze of tone in the sky. In *Oyermouth Castle, Swansea* (120) there is a spell of gleamy daylight without sun, with a fine depth of shadow over the broken and undulating foreground and castle:—which last, however, is made out with too equal an outline. A road creeps through the depth of shadow, on which the cattle and figures are well introduced, with an air of truth. *Neath Abbey, Glamorganshire* (134) is a beautiful and poetical work. A fine bold arch of the ruin rises up from the deepening landscape into the bright sky, which the sun has not yet left,—the valley and middle distance are in the haze of approaching twilight,—whilst fine masses of cloud rest on the horizon, broadly and truly treated. In *Pont Neath Vaughan, Glamorganshire* (236), a bounding stream tumbles down betwixt the inclosing sides of a ravine, the rocks of which—covered with foliage—are drawn and coloured with great solidity and truth of tone. The distant hill is too cold in hue. *A still Pool, Neath Vaughan River, South Wales* (309), is another aspect of the same stream, between high wooded banks of rock. From the left, the boughs of the trees shoot out in great elegance and picturesqueness,—admirably drawn,—their foliage green and fresh, without rankness. There is a little air wanting in the distance—a somewhat common fault, by the way—caused here perhaps by the fear of disturbing the freshness of execution. *The Wye, from Goodrich Castle—Rain clearing off* (285) is a beautiful subject under a showery effect:—a little wanting in solidity and finish, and in parts rather heavy and unequal. The figures are charmingly introduced,—and deserving from their design of being carried further. The foliage in the foreground is very picturesque and well handled. In *The Brave Old Oak, the forest monarch stands well up in his picturesque grandeur:—the deer glancing under the more distant trees of the park. No. 206* is another of the effects treated by this artist with such success—in which the sun sets with gleamy richness on the distant mountain range, leaving the lower lands lying in the gathering gloom. There are other works by the same hand worthy

of notice, and of various merit. In fact, one great merit is the variety of this artist's style;—whilst its great defect is, inequality of treatment:—some parts having too much or too little finish with reference to their relative positions and importance.

Mr. C. Davidson no longer preserves the leading position that he once held on these walls; and we would fain persuade ourselves that the cause lies in the advance of others rather than in retrogradation on his own part. The first suggestion must doubtless have weight,—but we fear, also, that the latter holds with too much force. We fear that the greens of his foliage, which we once accepted as merely indicating a too great and exclusive relish for the freshness of nature, have become more green and rank than ever,—that the sharp and dark lines of his pencilling, which we laid to the charge of a too great appreciation of the niceties of handling, have grown sharper and blacker;—and there is nothing left which reminds us of our old sensations of pleasure in his works but the pearly and silvery grey tones which he manages with perhaps even enhanced skill. His best work is *Arundel Park, Sussex* (256). The clear treatment of the undulating deer-peopled foreground of trees, with its gleams of sunshine, and the freshness and purity of the broken, light cloudy sky, accompanied by masses of foliage having depth without blackness and a nice drawing of parts without becoming meagre,—make up a picturesque composition and a work of great beauty. *Haymaking, Hever Castle, Kent* (176), is another work which we can conscientiously commend, except that the lights are somewhat rank. It is, however, well drawn and picturesque, with a refined sky and nicely balanced parts. Some other drawings might be named, having much beauty,—but they are so overlaid by the mere mannerisms of the artist's style, that we cannot have pleasure in entering on their details.

Mr. Vacher's most important drawing is, *The Duke and Grand Officers of State going in Procession from the Palace to the Bucentaur* (261). In this, besides a good and clear representation of the locality, which gives it value architecturally—the procession and other numerous figures are managed with unusual skill, and there is an agreeable pearly tone of colour. The execution and distribution of light and shade are somewhat hard perhaps:—but what we lack most in Mr. Vacher's drawings is, an air of veracity and reality. This is felt also in his Eastern works:—of which there are here at least his usual number. With all their attraction of sweet and agreeable tones of clear colour, these want the sympathetic captivation of truth—for the absence of which no amount of mere artistic skill can compensate.—Miss Steers has three drawings of much beauty, marking considerable advance. *Cheltenham, from Leckhampton Hill* (50), gives a good idea of the town; somewhat interfered with by the general treatment of the lights on the landscape, being of similar size and effect to the markings of the houses on the town itself, and so mixing up the two in some confusion. It is a beautifully composed and well-drawn work; but the absence of grey in the lights and of reflection in the shadows, together with the somewhat too great substantiality of the clouds, all take from the sense of truth. *View near Great Marlow, Bucks* (115), looks over an expanse of country—picturesque and undulating—with cattle and sheep in the foreground. A little more truth, and it would be very captivating. *Heath Scene, Twilight* (108), is small, but massively treated in effect.

Mr. John Chase has this year one drawing of the celebrated terrace at *Haddon Hall* (212), with figures meeting on the steps of its ascent—of more than usual merit. The trees of the umbrageous avenue are well drawn, with more than this artist's usual sense of atmosphere. The effect of the whole is broad and forcible, but the sky is too coldly local in colour. His other works here are about equal to his customary standard. Mr. James Fahey's usual single drawing—why no more, ever?—is a view of the town of *Richmond, Yorkshire* (112):—artist-like, though a little too slight. The bridge in the foreground with road leads well into the town; which is conveyed in fine form and mass,

but monotonously cold and grey in colour.—Mr. W. R. Hardwick has some agreeable architectural drawings:—of which we like one of a picturesque old tower, *At Huy, on the Meuse* (262), which, with its arched and dilapidated gate looks suggestive of some romantic legend. Nos. 250 and 255 are also good; though the sky in the first is heavy and untrue, and the latter is frittered in effect and too equally handled. *Corn Market, Ghent* (293), is an elaborate drawing, spoilt by want of true keeping.

We do not think Mr. Cromek at all justifies his reputation by the works on these walls; which, though drawn with precision and dexterity, are for the most part hard and liney and exceedingly false and meretricious in colour,—in which branch of the art this artist seems devoid of the sense of beauty. We like best *The Arch of Titus and the Colosseum, Rome* (152), which has an air of the grand, solid, and real.—Mr. Harrison Weir's *Pond at the Farm* (147) is agreeable, with the cattle admirably drawn,—full of character and truth. The whole is somewhat overpowered by the comparatively uninteresting coarsely-handled tree. The rough donkey, called here *The Houseless* (283), standing in the snow, his back to the bleak wind, and looking the epitome of enduring patience, makes the spectator smile. The head is very truly and forcibly painted.—Mr. T. Lindsay has some works of merit:—his best being *Lynn Ideal, Caernarvonshire* (187).—Mr. W. Oliver also has some very good specimens of his art:—which would be greatly better if he could persuade himself to be less ambitious of strength and variety in his local tints. They are, however, vigorous and conscientious, with infinite attention to detail:—indeed, more of this in the distant parts than is necessary. *Chateau at Ville de Pau, Pyrenees* (278), would be very captivating, but for the above-mentioned faults. The rocks in the foreground are good,—but the water looks as if dyed.—Mr. R. K. Penson's single drawing, *Llanbadarn Church, Cardiganshire* (193), is a well-painted snow scene,—but which, carefully painted as it is, tells with truth only at a distance. There is a great variety of beautiful colour in the shadows; but the snow in texture, has a little too much the look of sugar on a twelfth cake,—the edges of the outline not being sufficiently broken or softened.—Mr. Aaron Penley's large drawing, No. 242, has much grandeur of effect. The mountain rises up boldly on the left—its head enveloped in mist,—and sweeps with a daring diagonal athwart the picture down to the right; its base made aerially misty by a sunny gleam which breaks indistinctly through the showery and humid atmosphere—the rock-bedded foreground being washed and gurgled over by the newly-charged freshet. The introduction of the figures somewhat interferes with the solemnity of the effect, and takes away from the sense of awe with which such a scene is fraught. A little more crispness in the execution of the foreground would have been a great improvement. Other drawings by the same hand call for no comment.

Mr. T. S. Robins has his usual complement of marine subjects; which we need not individually particularize,—as they all have great similarity of character. We think him, however, decidedly improved. There is in him more of solidity and less of trick. The water is always well painted and in motion, and the sails of his various craft belly to the breeze with a sense of freshness and life.—In Mr. T. L. Rowbotham, if there were more truth to nature, there is enough of art to make a very clever painter. No. 111 has a daring effect of sunset, with great skill of treatment in light and shade, in composition and finished execution; but it is entirely wanting in truth of colour, and so loses all hold on our sympathies.—Mr. Campion has again a large drawing occupying a conspicuous place on the line, which looks like a bran-new tea-tray, not well executed,—it is so entirely artificial. Mr. S. Cook's works are refined, neat, and dextrous, with considerable truth—though somewhat flimsy.—Mr. H. D'Egville is, in his small drawings, smart, clear, and dextrous, with a pure sweet tone, though often mannered; but his larger works, in proportion as they are large, become laboured and untrue.

What composer now is there whose *solos* we could bear to hear merely—as those of Carissimi's are—accompanied by the basses? Nothing but the very poorest expression could make such meagreness endurable to the most catholic lover of the ancients and the moderns. The recitatives belonging to *Jephtha's* daughter were very beautifully sung by Mrs. Endersohn.—Mr. E. Fitzwilliam's Motett consists of a *soprano solo*, (very well given by Miss Deakin, whom we are glad again to meet)—a chorus—a *tenor solo*—a *terzetto*, and a very brilliant and stately 'Amen.' We can only here say that, like all the music by its composer that we know, if not strikingly new, it indicates a fancy and a style, both in its melodies, in the forms of its concerted pieces, and in its instrumentation, of its writer's own. The words, however, so ill suit the character of the music—especially in the clever first chorus (the close of which we must commend in a parenthesis)—as to make us ask if the English text has not been forced into duty with music written to different sacred paragraphs.—If we be wrong—with all his elegance of melody and nice taste in instrumentation, Mr. E. Fitzwilliam too little heeds the sense while clothing it with sound; and we would counsel him to be more scrupulously attentive to propriety in this important matter.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—*'Il Franco Arciere'* was given this day week, with Signor Tamberlik as the tenor, Signor Tagliafico as the *Kilian*, and Mdlle. Bertrandi as the *Annetta*—the other characters remaining the same as last year [*Athen*. No. 1169, p. 320]. Signor Tamberlik sang his music with grace, as, indeed, he never fails to do; but without German unction. The sentimental—*operatural*—as was remarked here a twelve-month since—does not enter into the repertory of Italian stage emotion.—The new *seconda donna*, Mdlle. Bertrandi, has obviously cultivated with diligence a not very powerful voice; her manner on the stage, too, is pleasing and intelligent;—but we cannot as yet rate her as the equal to either of her predecessors, Mdlle. Vera or Mdlle. Corbari. Last year we felt that last week yet more emphatically occurred to us, a conviction that the days are gone of universal popularity for 'Der Freischütz.' The reason of this may be twofold: not merely is the *libretto* at once extravagant and without action, affording small scope for dramatic characterization, and at best, appealing to nursery sympathy and suspense;—but the musical strength of the work is not judiciously distributed. This becomes especially felt when sung and not spoken relative is used. Admirable as is the overture, it is but the portal to the building. The grand pieces are, the *trio* of men in the introduction, the tenor, *soprano*, and bass *scenas*, the *terzetto* in the second act, and the *finale*; and among these the first three alone are satisfactory. In the others, the composer's constructive power seems to flag or fail: the melodic ideas not being Weber's happiest.—The four popular numbers—*Kilian's* laughing couplet—*Caspar's* drinking song—the Huntsmen's and the Bridesmaids' choruses—captivating as they are—belong to comic rather than to grand opera (to use the French classification). It may startle some readers to assert that 'Der Freischütz' owed more of the *furor* of its success to its nationality than to its intrinsic dramatic interest or sound musical value. The point, however, is worth noting;—and we believe that all who study the opera when, as now, it is performed under the same chances as attend the operas of Mozart, Beethoven, Rossini and Meyerbeer (as indeed must attend every work produced in a cosmopolitan and not a national theatre), that is, absence of neglect, but absence also of *prestige*—will come to the conclusion, that in the above remarks there is more truth than paradox. The chilling reception of 'Der Freischütz' on Saturday last is evidence that the general public is of our mind.

MISS HAYES'S CONCERT.—Among the most interesting features of this Concert, was—as, indeed, ought to be on such an occasion—the singing of Miss Hayes herself; whom we have never heard in better voice or throwing more spirit and finish into her music. Her style is not always to our

liking; but it is a style, the possession of which separates her from the imitative scholars who pass for artists. It is permissible to add, that the Irish *prima donna* shone to double advantage on Monday from being contrasted with a newly-arrived Viennese songstress, Mdlle. Ana Zerr, of whom we had heard much praise. Mdlle. Zerr's execution is abundant to the point even of her embroidering the passages in a grand *scena* from Mozart's 'Tito'. Let us submit this specimen of the Vienna tradition to our classicists who are thrown into fits by an *appoggiatura* or a *gruppetto* used where a pause is written for the embroiderer's express advantage in Mozart's music!—Her voice is extensive in compass—and, though somewhat worn, is still sweet in some of its tones. Her execution is audacious and strange. Mdlle. Zerr mounts and descends, takes distant intervals and executes *staccato* scales, with surprising force and firmness. But the grimace and effort with which her passages are eked and wrung out are so distracting as also to demand their record. Mr. Augustus Braham's *début* disclosed a delicious tenor voice and an excellent articulation of his text,—but little besides. Herr Ernst played admirably; but the lion—or, should it not be the leviathan?—of the morning was Signor Bottesini, whose power over his *contrabasso* is marvellous, while, unlike many other marvels, it is as agreeable as astonishing.—We imagine that in executive force, delicacy and brilliancy Signor Bottesini far surpasses Signor Dragonetti, even in his best days.—A Manuscript Overture, by M. Silas, was performed:—of which we will not speak till we have heard it better executed.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.—At Mr. Ella's *Extra Musical Union*, on Tuesday, Signor Sivioli was the leader. In chamber music for stringed instruments, this graceful and attractive *solo* player satisfies us, after *Lady Grace's* fashion, "soberly." Variety in accent and phrasing, and sometimes spirit, are wanting to his performance:—in brief, he is an executant, as compared with interpreters that could be named.—Nor is Signor Golinelli, an Italian pianist, who also appeared on this occasion, up to the London mark, so far as Beethoven's music is concerned. Though neither inelegant nor extravagant, his hand and his expression are not sufficiently vigorous to keep him in due proportion with stringed instruments. In concerted music, the instrumental execution of Italy was, on Tuesday, nobly vindicated by Signori Piatti and Bottesini: whom we are inclined to rate as unique.—At Herr Molique's second Chamber Concert, the most popular piece seemed to be 'The Bourrée and Double,' by Sebastian Bach, which was *encored*. No violinist that we are in the habit of hearing handles this old music with such a masterful grasp as Herr Molique.—The third morning meeting of the *Beethoven Quartett Society* went off with great spirit under Herr Ernst's leadership.—The Concert of Herr Charles Oberthür, a harpist, was announced to take place on Tuesday last.

MISS GLYN'S READING.—The practice of reading rather than acting the Shakspearian drama is on the increase. Miss Glyn, who has lately at Edinburgh made an exceedingly profitable investment of her talents in the experiment, last Thursday appeared in London in the character of a reader at the Marylebone Institution. The drama chosen for the occasion was the difficult one of 'Antony and Cleopatra,'—in which as the actress of the heroine this lady has already gained great fame. Her Cleopatra in the lecture-room was a close imitation of that which she had previously given on the stage,—wanting nothing but costume, scenery and local motion. It was equally charming and powerful,—by turns energetic and tender. Antony and Enobarbus were also skilfully touched off by her,—though the voice at times rather declined from the assumption of a masculine tone. The heroism and devotion of the imperial Roman were well contrasted with the vacillation and repentance of the unfaithful attendant,—and both acquired pathos as the action progressed. The interest of the reading never flagged:—the *physique* of the fair reader apparently rising with the demands made on it. The theatre was somewhat over-crowded. On Miss

Glyn's retirement, she was recalled to receive renewed plaudits. The recitation must be qualified as one of remarkable merit.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—We can only announce that the *Sacred Harmonic Society* seems to be most acceptably catering for the pleasure of the Exhibition-goers, by performing 'Elijah' and the 'Messiah' to crowded audiences. We ought last week to have noticed this exception to the tepid reception of good music, then recorded.—Mr. Lumley, we perceive, is announcing extra Opera-nights for the Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays of the week. If this plan is to be carried out successfully, the theatre ought to have an extra band and chorus.

Among the music announced for the week was a performance of Mr. Glover's Oratorio, 'Jerusalem,' by the *Finsbury Sacred Harmonic Society*. Herr Fischek has arrived.

When we, seven days ago, considered the cases of the Pianofortes in the Crystal Palace, the magnificent grand instrument by Messrs. Broadwood, now standing beneath the carved oak screen in the nave, had not arrived. For the decoration of this, the enterprising manufacturers have called in a counsellor no less redoubtable than the architect of the Houses of Parliament,—whose taste has been ingeniously displayed on the case in point; not merely in varying its form by shelving the sides of the instrument, but by the border of scroll-work and gilt foliage which runs round it, and the shape and ornament of the legs supporting the frame. Effective and handsome as the design is, however, it may still be opined that the painter and illuminator, as distinguished from the carver and gilder, have "to say their word," ere the question can be regarded as finally settled.—The controversy among the rival makers, meanwhile, continues to run high,—some note-worthy facts being therein developed. Among these may be numbered the admission of the Messrs. Collard, that they have more solicitously directed their attention to the chamber than to the concert-room in their fabrication of pianofortes. Though all classification is productive of good in Art, we do not clearly see why the best instrument for a concert-room should not be the best instrument for "my lady's chamber," the power of abiding wear and tear supposed to be equal.

On Wednesday last, the great organ of Mr. Willis, at the Crystal Palace, which is not yet finished, and therefore no subject for criticism, was made "to speak" by Mr. Best:—who seems to us, in some respects, one of our best English organists,—with a firm touch and remarkable brilliancy of manual execution. Of his command over the pedal-board we are less competent to speak.

M. Auber's opera, 'La Corbeille d'Oranges,' was produced a few days since at the *Grand Opéra* of Paris. The *Gazette Musicale* loudly insists that this work is a *chef-d'œuvre*; and yet, from the very tone of its laudations, no less than from a private letter of entirely opposite import, we gather that whether as regards story or music the opera is null,—save in so far as it furnishes great opportunities for executive display to Mdlle. Alboni.

It may prevent misconception to state, that some delay in noticing many important and interesting musical publications, now before us, is not voluntary, but inevitable,—owing to the extraordinary press of passing events which claim attention during the present season. So much by way of answer to inquiries.

MISCELLANEA

The Crypt at the Guildhall.—A vast number of the metropolitan visitors have been within the last fortnight to see the Guildhall. The crypt under part of the great hall in which the civic entertainments are given has been completely cleaned the splendid columns have been to a certain extent polished, and the arches, which are considered specimens of first-rate skill, have been completely developed. The crypt is about half the length of the Guildhall; and Mr. Bunning, the City architect, who has superintended the removal of the mass of

rubbish by which its beautiful proportions were obscured, is of opinion that the Guildhall was before the fire of London no larger than the magnificent room which has been thus added to the curiosities of the grand civic place of festivity. There is in the middle of the crypt a large red granite bowl of enormous weight, which has attracted much curiosity. We copy from the corporation journals, of the year 1802, the following notice of the present made of this bowl to the city of London, as a memorial of great military achievements.—

“Major Cookson, commanding the Royal Artillery in Egypt, presents his respectful compliments to the Lord Mayor and Corporation of the city of London, and begs to acquaint them that he has taken the liberty to ship on board the Anacreon transport, Allan Massingham master, a large antique Egyptian red granite bowl, and which Major Cookson requests the Lord Mayor and Corporation will do him the honour to accept as a testimony of his respect and a memorial of the British achievements in Egypt.—Alexandria, Sep. 1, 1802.”—*Times*.

Literary Criticism.—It has been well observed by Swift, that where one man goes another follows. If a phrase has the misfortune to occur twice in print, it will be repeated probably a thousand times. Profiting by this hint, the eccentric Dean composed his ‘Trifling Essay’—and in glancing my eye over it the other day, I was much struck with its applicability to the present time. Would you believe it, Sir, the very Triflingities agglomerated in a vein of ridicule—and truly, Ercole’s vein—I am ashamed to say how many years ago, are still, if I may be permitted to make use of the expression, married to our tongue. The individual who now addresses you feels doubtless that some apology is necessary for treading in the footsteps of a giant; but he cannot but recording his opinion that when he opens at random the last work of a well-known baronet, and the first words that meet his gaze are *Reverens a nos moutons*, flesh and blood rebel. The ‘Trifling Essay’ is a great fact, and what is written is written,—but you cannot have too much of a good thing. The present appeal coming *post hoc* may be also *propter hoc*—but I must enter my protest against all the phrases and quotations,—and if I am an imitator, Sir, at least let it be said, I imitate a good example.—I do not wish to press too hardly upon literary men; but, as a constant reader, will you allow me Sir, to throw out a suggestion.

“Gutta cavet lapidem non vi sed sepe cadendo.”—or, in plain words, constant dropping wears away a stone. A sentiment by repetition loses force,—it becomes *vox et præterea nihil*: we preserve the shadow, we have left the substance gone. *Après des boîtes*, I certainly am not surprised that authors often fail to be substantial men. *Hinc ille lacrymæ*.—But *reverens a nos moutons*. What I would urge on the attention of literary men, and conversational men generally, is, that each phrase should be erased from the tablets of their memory after it has been a nine days’ wonder:—that every man who has heard or read the same thing nine times over, should thereafter set upon himself decent restraint, and check its reproduction. As for those phrases which have been propagated till they swarm in almost every book and newspaper throughout the country, war of extermination ought to be declared against them. Sir, it has been my endeavour in these few remarks to strike at the root of a great evil. I have contributed my mite to a good cause. The small end of a wedge I have endeavoured to insinuate; “and if I have succeeded only in directing the attention of one writer to the subject then I have not taken up my pen in vain.”

Yours, &c. H. M.

The Cultivation of Tea in India.—By the Lady Mary Wood Mr. Robert Fortune proceeds from Hong Kong to Calcutta, with a large quantity of tea plants, selected in the green tea districts, in which this gentleman for some time past has been on a continuation of his “wanderings.” It is, we believe, pretty generally known that having, in the service of the Horticultural Society of England, given to his noble patrons every satisfaction, Mr. Fortune, on his return from China, about three years ago, was engaged by the Directors of the Honourable East India Company to proceed again to the Celestial Empire, and procure and transmit to India such a quantity and variety of the tea plant that its cultivation in the north-western provinces would be a matter of mere manual labour. We have much pleasure in learning that Mr. Fortune has entirely succeeded:—that the plants transmitted have flourished as well as could possibly be expected, and that, in the course of a few years, there is every probability that tea will form an export from our Indian presidencies.—*Friend of China*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—A Friend to National Education—R. L.—W. K.—G. W. T.—P. M. T.—received.

K.—The letter of this correspondent, who writes to us from Carlsruhe, is in type,—and awaits a more leisure time for its appearance.

J. C. G. and N. J. H.—The letters of these correspondents—one on the Conservancy of the River Medway, the other giving an account of an Electrical Factory—will both appear when the pressure of the immediate season is somewhat lightened.

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SCOTTISH EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

THE TWENTIETH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of this Society was held at EDINBURGH, on MAY 6, 1851, when ROBERT CHAMBERS, Esq., the senior Director, having taken the Chair, the following Report was read:—

Report by the Directors of the Scottish Equitable Life Assurance Society to the Twentieth Annual General Meeting, held on May 6, 1851.

It is most gratifying to the Directors to report, on this occasion, a further rise on the part of the Society from the temporary depression in the extent of the annual business which they had to lament two years ago, as a natural and unavoidable consequence of the general depression of the country.

The following is an Abstract of the business relating to Policies which has been transacted during the year ending the 1st of March last:—

1. Number of Policies issued, 636.	£.
2. Amount thereby assured	313,274
3. Premiums and Entry-Money thereon	11,175

The number of Policies issued as above stated during the PAST, EXCEEDS THOSE OF THE PRECEDING YEAR BY 144,—THE AMOUNT ASSURED EXCEEDS THAT OF THE PRECEDING YEAR BY 61,924,—while the Premiums and Entry-Money are 1,911. IN ADVANCE OF THOSE OF 1850.

The Policies lapsed by death during the past year are sixty-six in number, assuring sums amounting to 49,406l. The BONUSES ON WHICH AMOUNT TO 6,771l., making together 49,477l. This sum is in excess over that of the preceding year by 6,803l., but only 3,794l. over that of 1849. The number of deaths which have occurred in the past year are only three in advance of the year ending 1st March, 1850, and two in advance of 1849. This increase is less than might have been expected from the advancing ages of the members, and the increase of the Society's business.

The Directors feel the more satisfied with the progress which the Society thus appears to be making, when they reflect on the greatly increased competition which now exists in the business of Life Assurance. Nor are all other offices so scrupulous in the means by which business is obtained as the SCOTTISH EQUITABLE and other Scottish Mutual Offices invariably are. The Directors cannot refrain from once more referring to the system of giving commission to persons bringing business who are not the authorized Agents of the Office, but merely the private agents of parties assuring, as a system which, by means not easily to be defended, gives many Offices a great advantage over others. The SCOTTISH EQUITABLE, moreover, has never ranked amongst those which court favour by the appearance,—for it is not a reality,—of low Premiums, being satisfied that perfect security, in connexion with a division of the entire surplus, is the safest principle on which to proceed. To find this Office, in such circumstances, not merely maintaining its ground, but advancing in public estimation, is to the Directors a source of the highest gratification.

The Directors having found that, in many instances, the charge of Entry-money was unpalatable to parties assuring, they take this opportunity of stating, that during the past year they framed a scale by which an option is given of commutating the Entry-money into a small annual rate, varying, according to age, from 7d. to 1s. per cent.,—which arrangement they believe to have given general satisfaction.

It had long been contemplated by several of the Directors, that much good might result from a professional investigation into the affairs of the Society. Finding their views at length sanctioned by the example of another highly respectable Mutual Office, they deemed themselves entitled to bring the matter under the consideration of the Board, and it was determined, at an Extraordinary Court, held on the 6th of February last, to remit the whole affairs of the SCOTTISH EQUITABLE to a thorough investigation, by three gentlemen of the highest respectability and talent, namely, John Sinclair Cunningham, Esq., Secretary to the Commercial Bank of Scotland; John Hunter, Esq., Auditor of the Court of Session; and Ralph Erskine Scott, Esq., Accountant.

The Directors have only further to express the great satisfaction which the Committee's Report has afforded them, as clearly testifying the accuracy, zeal, and success with which the affairs of the Society have from first to last been conducted.

The Report of the Committee of Investigation was also read to the Meeting. Copies of it may be had at the Society's Office in Edinburgh, and will soon be in the hands of all the Society's Agents. It is most comprehensive and satisfactory, and is classified under the following heads, viz., The Management, the Books, and the Investments of the Society. It shows in particular, "that from the institution of the Society in 1831, down to the present time, no loss has been sustained upon Loans or Securities of any description whatever;" and it states that this exemption from loss "affords the best and most satisfactory evidence that could be furnished of prudent, careful, and efficient management on the part of the Manager and Secretary, under the authority of the Directors, and is perhaps unparalleled in the experience of Public Companies.

These Reports having been read, the CHAIRMAN moved the adoption of the Report by the Directors, which was unanimously agreed to.

View of the Progress and Situation of the Society down to 1st March, 1851.

	Amount Assured.	Annual Revenue.	Accumulated Fund.
	£.	£.	£.
At 1st March, 1835	325,611	11,364	24,661
Ditto 1839	1,019,280	37,589	92,816
Ditto 1843	1,707,716	64,000	227,755
Ditto 1847	2,763,381	99,270	400,503
Ditto 1851	3,566,101	128,437	626,472

Manager—ROBERT CHRISTIE, Esq.

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Thus, for an assurance of 1,000l., at the age of 30, the original premium payable for seven years being 39l. 12s., the premium for this year will be reduced to 9l. 3s. 8d.
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The Premiums required by this Society for insuring young lives are much lower than in many other old-established offices, and Insurers are fully protected from all risk by an ample guarantee fund in addition to the accumulated funds derived from the investments of Premiums.
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Sum Assured.	Time Assured.	Sum added to Policy in 1841.	Sum added to Policy in 1843.	Sum payable at Death.
£5,000	15 yrs. 10 mths.	£638 6 8	£787 10 0	£4,262 10 0
5,000	10 years	112 0 0	112 0 0	5,112 0 0
1,000	12 years	100 0 0	107 10 0	1,207 10 0
1,000	7 years	157 10 0	1,157 10 0
1,000	1 year	29 10 0	1,069 10 0
500	12 years	50 0 0	78 15 0	578 15 0
500	4 years	45 0 0	545 0 0
500	1 year	11 5 0	511 5 0

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NOTICE.—FOUR-FIFTHS of the net Profits realized by this Company from Insurances effected upon the Participating Scale of Premiums allotted, agreeably to the conditions of the Policy, every Seven Years, commencing from the 3rd of July, 1847.
The following is a specimen of the Bonuses declared at the Septennial investigation up to the 3rd of July 1847.

Age when Assured.	Sum Assured.	PREMIUMS PAID.		Bonus added.	Per cent. on Premium Paid.
		Number.	Amount.		
15	£3000	6	£315 0 0	£164 16 8	£250 4
25	5000	7	775 16 8	347 13 0	41 10
35	2500	6	431 17 6	183 10 0	41 10
45	2000	6	464 0 0	172 6 7	37 10

Annual Premium required for the Assurance of £100 for the whole term of life:—

Age.	Without Profits.	With Profits.	Age.	Without Profits.	With Profits.
15	£11 0 0	£15 0 0	40	£2 16 0	£3 6 8
20	1 13 10	1 19 3	50	4 0 9	4 10 7
30	2 4 0	2 10 4	60	6 1 0	6 7 4

ROBERT TUCKER, Secretary.

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Established 1806.
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Date of Policy.	Sum Insured.	Original Premium.	Bonuses added subsequently, to be further increased annually.
1806	£2500	£79 10 10	Extinguished
1811	1000	33 19 3	ditto
1818	1000	34 16 10	ditto

Examples of Bonuses added to other Policies.

Policy No.	Date.	Sum Insured.	Bonuses added.	Total with Additions to be further increased.
581	1807	£2000	£293 19 1	£1808 19 1
1174	1810	1200	110 5 6	£2309 5 6
3393	1820	5000	3358 17 8	£8358 17 8

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